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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1851.

## REVIEWS.

*The Three Eras of Ottoman History; a Political Essay on the late Reforms of Turkey, considered principally as affecting her Position in the event of a War taking place.*

By J. H. Skene, Esq. Chapman and Hall.

This pamphlet is well-timed, and deserves a careful perusal. It will serve to dissipate many errors which prevail in this country respecting the military resources of Turkey. So much has been said and written of late respecting the decline and decrepitude of the Ottoman Empire, that most persons believe that there is nothing to prevent a Russian army from marching up to the gates of Constantinople, and taking possession of the city, except the resistance which might be offered by the other powers of Europe to such an extension of the Russian dominions. Many of our readers will therefore be surprised to learn that the army of the Sultan is at present in a more efficient state than it has been for the last two centuries; and that in the event of a war breaking out between Russia and Turkey, the latter would probably be able to resist, single-handed, the attacks of her formidable and ambitious neighbour. This is the view which Mr. Skene endeavours to establish in the pamphlet before us; and from information which we have ourselves received from other quarters, we entirely agree with the conclusion to which Mr. Skene has come,—that “the power of conquest, possessed by the only state with which there appears the slightest possibility of a rupture taking place, is in general as notoriously exaggerated as that of defence on the part of Turkey is commonly undervalued.” To enable the reader to obtain an accurate idea of the present condition of the Ottoman army, Mr. Skene gives a brief but able review of its history. He divides his narrative into three eras: the first contains an account of the military history of Turkey till the destruction of the Janissaries in 1825; the second comprises the period of transition, which followed the destruction of the Janissaries; and the third comprehends the formation of the Nizam, or the regular army of the present day. The annals of the first of these eras are, in fact, the history of the Turkish conquests, and of the decline of the empire.

“Through the Janissaries Turkey rose,—by them she was about to fall; and without the Nizam, or regular army of Sultan Abdul Medjid, which exists as a consequence of the destruction of the Janissaries, she would never have had any chance of rising again, or even of saving her political independence.”

The Janissaries were organized by Sultan Orkhan in the fourteenth century. They bore the title of *Yenitsheri*, or New Troops, in contradistinction to the previous armies, which had been raised by levies of irregular troops, as occasion required. They were a well-disciplined body of troops, and they constituted the principal force of the empire. It was to their valour and efficiency that the Turkish empire owed its existence; and they were almost uniformly successful in all the great battles which they fought till their defeat by Montecuculi at St. Gothard, in 1664. This defeat was the forerunner of a long series of disasters.

“Their career of conquest was over, and it was a career altogether without a parallel in history. Generation after generation had advanced without ever retrograding a single step. A vast empire

had arisen out of the hereditary valour and systematic discipline of a portion of the army. It was not the creation of the military genius of an individual like that of Alexander the Great or Napoleon Buonaparte, but it was the result of a successful organisation, assisted by the inherent bravery of the Turkish race, which enabled their sultans to follow up from father to son the ambitious scheme of the founder of the dynasty. But, at the close of that era of conquest, the organisation of the Janissaries had become corrupt, the prestige of almost invariable good fortune had disappeared, and their internal discipline was declining fast, while their indomitable valour had degenerated into overweening pride, seditious turbulence towards the government, and cruel tyranny over the population.”

Towards the end of last century the insubordination and tyranny of the Janissaries had reached their highest point. The dispersion of this formidable body had become absolutely necessary for the salvation of the Ottoman empire; and it was at length effected by Sultan Mahmoud II. —

“The value of the Janissaries as a regular army had been sufficiently tested, and the time had now arrived when Sultan Mahmoud II. judged it expedient to cut the Gordian knot. He issued a proclamation, obliging all his troops to submit anew to the discipline which they had cast off for more than a century and a half. The Janissaries refused obedience. The Sultan unfolded the Sacred Standard of the Empire, and placing himself, with his only son and heir, beside it, he appealed to the patriotism of those around him. He drew his dagger, and said, in a loud voice,

“Do my subjects wish to save the Empire from the humiliation of yielding to a band of seditious miscreants, or do they prefer that I should put an end to that Empire by here stabbing my son and myself in order to rescue it from the disgrace of being trampled upon by traitors?”

“He then ordered that the standard should be planted on the Atmeidan, or Hippodrome; crowds of people, from the highest to the lowest class of society, headed by the *Ulema*, or magistrates, and the *Sofia*, or students, assembled round the standard, and, having heard what the Sultan had said from those whom he had addressed, the mob, excited by enthusiasm, hurried away to carry the alarm through the town. All who possessed or could procure arms prepared them, and rushed to attack the barracks of the Janissaries. The corps of artillery, having torn off the badges, which were also worn by those abhorred regiments, that all appearance of fellowship with them might at once be destroyed, commenced the onslaught. Three hours, with 4000 artillerymen and students, incited by that resolute will, which had foreseen and provided for every possible casualty during eighteen years of apparent submission to the tyranny of a *caste*, sufficed to annihilate the military ascendancy which had once made the sovereigns of Europe tremble abroad, as it had the sultans at home. The attack, however, was directed against only one side of the square, and the other three, as well as the neighbouring gate of the town, were purposely left open, with the view that those of the Janissaries who did not wish to resist the Sultan's order might escape unharmed; and quarter was given to all who chose to submit. Similar orders having been simultaneously sent to every part of the empire where Janissaries were stationed, the same conditions were offered to 150,000 individuals affiliated to the corps. Of these only 3600 refused them, and they were the most incorrigible of the chiefs. Having been made prisoners they were tried by a regular court of justice, and it was only necessary to prove their identity in order to condemn them, as the Sultan had carefully compiled the proofs of their respective crimes during many years. Eighteen hundred of them were executed, of whom 600 at Constantinople, 1200 being put to death in the provinces; and the remainder were exiled. Although it must have been an appalling sight to behold those 600 corpses lying on the

Atmeidan, one cannot help admiring the patriotism elicited on that occasion; when the Janissaries perceived it, they were stupefied by the unexpected excitement of the people; and many fled, fully convinced of the impossibility of resisting those over whom they had hitherto domineered with impunity.”

The Sultan now set himself to replace the Janissaries by other regular troops; but Russian ambition did not give him time to organize a new army, and he was obliged to fight with his young and undisciplined recruits against the “veteran warrior-slaves of the Czar.” The Ottoman army was accordingly defeated; and the war was brought to a close by the disastrous treaty of Adrianople. His successor, the present sultan, Abdul Medjid, has been more fortunate. He has enjoyed several years of peace, which have enabled him to form a powerful and well-disciplined army, of which Mr. Skene gives us a valuable and interesting account. It was established at the beginning of the year 1842:—

“It is divided into six separate armies, called *Ordu* in Turkish. Each of these consists of two services, the Active, or *Nizamia*, and the Reserve, or *Rédis*. The former contains two corps, under the command of their respective lieutenant-generals (*Férik*); and the latter, also two corps, commanded in time of peace by a brigadier (*Liva*); the whole *Ordu* being under the orders of a field-marshall (*Mushir*). The general staff of each army is composed of a commander-in-chief, two lieutenant-generals, three brigadiers of infantry, one of whom commands the reserve, two brigadiers of cavalry, and one brigadier of artillery. In each corps there are three regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and one of artillery, with thirty-three guns. The total strength of these twelve regiments of the active force is 30,000 men, but it is diminished in time of peace by furlough to an effective strength of about 25,000 men in three of the six armies, and of 15,000 in the other three, in consequence of the recruiting system being as yet incomplete in its application all over the Turkish Empire. The whole establishment of this branch amounts, therefore, to 180,000 men belonging to the active service, but its effective strength is at present 123,000. The reserve of four of the six armies consists in eleven regiments—six of infantry, four of cavalry, and one of artillery; composing a force of 212,000 effective soldiers, while the other two armies have not yet their reserve of soldiers who have served five years. In time of war, however, the reserve would form two corps of 25,000 men in each army; giving a total of 300,000 when this establishment shall have been completed. The two services, therefore, as they now stand, form an effective force of 335,000 men; and when their full strength shall have been filled up it will amount to 480,000. Besides these six armies there are four detached corps: one in the Island of Crete, consisting of three regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, in all 11,000 men; another in the pashalik of Tripoli in Africa, composed of one regiment of infantry and one of cavalry, about 5000 strong; a third at Tunis of the same strength; and a fourth, which is the central artillery corps, formed of a brigade of sappers and miners with engineer officers, the veteran artillery brigade, and the permanent artillery garrisons of the fortresses on the Hellespont, the Bosphorus, the Danube, in Serbia, on the Adriatic, the coast of Asia Minor, in the islands of the Archipelago, and on the southern shores of the Black Sea; in all 9000 men. These four corps raise the effective strength of the standing army to 365,000 men. Besides this addition, another augmentation of 32,000 men will be realised by the submission of Bosnia and Northern Albania to the new system; and a further increase of 40,000 men, whom Serbia has engaged to furnish, may be calculated, as well as 18,000 men serving in Egypt, who are destined to reinforce the reserve of the fifth army. The marines,

sailors, and workmen, enrolled in brigades, amount to 34,000 men; and the police force, picketed all over the Empire, is nearly 30,000 strong. The grand total of armed men at the disposal of Turkey in the event of her existing resources being called into play, may, therefore, be quoted at no less than 664,000 men, without having recourse to occasional levies, which are more easily and efficiently realised in Turkey than in any other country."

The service is popular; the troops are well paid, and their material comforts are well provided for:—

"The rations consist of meat, bread, rice, and vegetables in abundance every day, besides butter or oil to cook them with. \* \* \* The military hospitals might serve as a pattern of cleanliness to the first armies of the world, and the medical officers are now perfectly efficient, some of them having studied at European universities, others having become proficients in their art at the medical college of Constantinople, and a few being foreigners. The health of the troops is consequently excellent; so much so, that on one occasion, when 50 men out of 3450 were in hospital, it appeared so alarming to the staff of the garrison that a general consultation was held to decide on what steps should be taken to oppose the progress of the sickness. One man in every seventy is no unusual occurrence in the hospitals of the British army; and as for the Russians, they thought little of 12,000 who died at Bucharest in 1829, 10,000 at Varna, and 6000 at Adrianople. The Turkish clothing is excellent; it is strong and warm."

Respecting their probable efficiency in the field, Mr. Skene remarks:—

"In their evolutions the Turkish soldiers are rapid, especially the cavalry and artillery, whose horses are excellent; but there may perhaps be some room for improvement in their steadiness. It has been remarked of late at Bucharest, where the Turkish and Russian armies of occupation have their head-quarters, and are consequently often reviewed, that the latter were infinitely slower than the former, and that their light infantry drill was far inferior to that of the Turks, but when moving in line or open column, the Russians, stiff as planks and dreading the lash, kept their distances and dressing somewhat better than the Turks. It may be added in illustration of the respective solicitude of the two armies for the health of the men, that, after one of these field days, 300 Russians went to hospital in consequence of exposure to the sun, and 160 of them died, while there has not been a single instance of the kind amongst the Turkish troops.

"With such an army as this, formed by a nation whose inherent bravery has never been impugned even by its most prejudiced detractors, it will readily be allowed that, were the campaign of 1829 against the Russians to be fought over again now, the result would be very different, considering how many years the regular troops of the Sultan have been in training, and also how undeniably the Russian army has been falling off, for it was not then to be compared with what it had been in 1815, and it is not now equal to what it was in 1829."

The reserve of the army is organized in the following manner:—

"The reserve of the Turkish army is organized in a peculiar manner. It is composed of soldiers who have already served five years in the active force, and who are allowed to remain in their native provinces on furlough, and without pay, for seven years more, during which they assemble for one month of each year at the local head-quarters of their regiment, for the purpose of being drilled; and they then receive their pay, as well as when they are called into active service in time of war. This measure, which was dictated by a spirit of economy, has been eminently successful, inasmuch as a considerable additional force is thus placed at the Sultan's command without its being a continual burden to the State; and the efficiency of that

force has been fully demonstrated of late, when an army of 62,000 men was assembled by Turkey in the space of six weeks, on the occasion of the interruption of her amicable relations with Russia and Austria on account of the Hungarian refugees. In another month, 200,000 men of the *Réduit* might have been collected at Constantinople had they been required; and it furnished matter for astonishment to the many foreigners in that capital to behold a thoroughly drilled and disciplined army thus extemporised in a camp, to which a number of mere peasants in appearance had been seen flocking from their villages.

"This system is rendered still more complete by the practice of recruiting regiments from the same districts, in order that, when their five years of active service shall have elapsed, the soldiers may remain together; and the confusion occasioned by embodying pensioners in other countries is avoided in Turkey, where the officers, non-commissioned officers, staff, and rank and file of a regiment continue united, whether on active service or as forming a part of the reserve. They are engaged in agricultural pursuits, or in trade, during their seven years of furlough, being periodically mustered for military exercise, and always ready to move in a body on any point where reinforcements may be necessary, while a salutary feeling of *esprit de corps* is maintained by making each regiment a separate and distinct body of men, raised in the same locality, and most of its members being personally known to each other."

Mr. Skene does not give us any information respecting the skill and ability of the superior officers. On this point we must confess we are not without apprehensions; for however excellent and efficient the troops of the line may be, their valour and discipline will be thrown away, if the higher officers—which we suspect to be the case—are inferior to those in the Russian service.

*The Dovecote and the Aviary; being Sketches of the Natural History of Pigeons and other Domestic Birds in a Captive State, with Hints for their Management.* By the Rev. E. S. Dixon. Murray.

We are happy to meet the Rev. E. Dixon again after the favourable impression which his first work produced. He is a close observer, an original thinker, and not the least of a bookmaker. We are not annoyed by meeting at every second of his pages "the tenth transmission of a foolish tale," as is so often the case with books of this class. 'The Dovecote' is the natural sequel of 'Domestic Poultry.' To any one who has a real taste for either, the one must follow the other. The part of the book devoted to the Aviary contains a mass of curious and original matter. Mr. Dixon has been favoured not only by admission, but by free communication and presents from that closely-guarded paradise of ornithologists, the domains of the late Earl of Derby, where the rarest birds of every kind which it is possible to retain in captivity in an English climate, with the aid of glass-houses and hot pipes, are to be found, —and not in captivity only, for well do we remember, some ten years ago, the impression produced on us one burning summer's day, when having been by special favour introduced into the heart of this fairy region, we beheld a dozen gorgeous macaws and bright coloured parrots swinging and screaming on the branches of lofty trees, and then dashing down like a shower of brilliant flowers, to be fed at the call of their keeper, among a group of Stanley cranes.

Mr. Dixon opens with an antiquarian essay, commencing with the ark, and arriving soon at our old friend Columella. Then follows a

chapter on the management of pigeons, which is very sensible, although, of course, nothing very new can be said on the subject. The great thing is to keep the birds warm, clean, and well fed, without letting them annoy each other. Among the various plans for pigeons' houses we have never met any reference in print to one which was adopted with singular success by an old friend of ours, also a clergyman, for his choicest pets in carriers, pouters, fantails, and almond tumblers. He built in brick on one side of a courtyard, breast high, a succession of square recesses, about three feet long and two feet high, as like dog-kennels as anything; each held two pairs of pigeons, and had a small door of open iron, with slip trap-door bars, in front, which was kept locked except on special occasions, and for an hour on mornings that it was thought advisable to let them out. A shelf ran across the middle of the end of each partition, affording room for two nests, and for the same number on the floor. By this arrangement the pigeons, which were of great value, were perfectly safe, easily seen, had room to walk about, and were rendered perfectly tame. A hole in each partition wall made one fountain of water and one cope of peas serve for two compartments.

We would also suggest, that in arranging a pigeon trap (which is indispensable in a town), galvanized wire rope, working over a pair of small blocks, would be found well worth the extra expense. Now that all kinds of inferior grain are so much cheaper than formerly, pigeons may be made, if not profitable stock, a cheap luxury.

Mr. Dixon has done some service in pointing out so clearly the three different classes under which the pigeon tribe are to be found—that is to say, fancy pigeons, which are only found in a domestic state; pigeons, like the dove-house pigeon and rock dove, which oscillate between wild and tame; and such as the passenger pigeon, which can only be retained as long as they are confined to a cage, aviary, or similar prison. The same division might be applied to several kinds of gallinaceous birds, to several kinds of animals, including man, according to our opinion; but into that question we must not enter here.

The true domestic pigeons, including all the fancy kinds, are those which will attract the attention of ordinary pigeon keepers; but, really, tumblers, pouters, carriers, barbs, fantails, have been described and painted so often, that very little remains to be said about them. So Mr. Dixon apparently thinks, and has therefore said very little: his remarks are, however, original and useful. To those who breed for the table he wisely recommends the 'runt,' a large, clumsy pigeon, well known to the Romans, and supposed by our author to have come originally from Italy, although they are sometimes called Russian pigeons. Now, we remember seeing, some years ago, in the poultry-yard of a West Indian merchant, pigeons larger than a Bantam hen, of a red cinnamon colour, which had been imported from Barbadoes, and were called Barbadian pigeons. Until we read Mr. Dixon's ingenious suggestions on the cause of such names as Russian and Egyptian, we never doubted that these large red pigeons were of West Indian origin; but now we begin to doubt whether they were not a mere re-transplantation of Roman runts. But this is worth investigating; and with the facilities of the Royal Mail Steam Packets it will not be very difficult to settle the question.

The Archangel is a new pigeon, introduced to us for the first time in the book under review, by a detailed description and a place in a pretty woodcut illustration opposite the title-page. It is one of the many curiosities introduced by Messrs. Baker, of Chelsea, to whom both naturalists and fanciers are under great obligations. The size is that of a rock dove—

"The colour, a rich copper colour on the head, neck, and fore part of the body, with changeable hues in different lights. The tail, wings, and hinder parts of the body, are of a sort of blue black. The iris bright orange, and the feet clean, unfeathered, and bright red. A turn of feathers at the back of the head, similar to that of the trumpeter."

For the other varieties of tame fancy pigeons, we must refer to 'The Dovecote' itself.

A very original chapter is devoted to pigeons not capable of domestication, a point on which Mr. Dixon has collected enough evidence to save many from fruitless efforts with the stock dove (*C. Enas*), or the ring-dove (*C. Columbus*). In our boyhood, living near great woods, we repeatedly tried to tame—both with young ones and from eggs—with-out success, but had thought until now that failure lay in some want of perseverance. It is not so. These birds are untameable.

Mr. Dixon suggests attempts to tame some of the Australian pigeons, which are large, plentiful, and beautiful. He is anxious to try the *Wonga-Wonga*. Mr. Gould, from the unpublished introduction to whose splendid work he quotes, says—"It is a species that bears confinement well, and with an ordinary degree of attention may doubtless be rendered domesticated and useful." As the wonga-wonga is a very fine bird, and excellent eating, the experiment is worth trying. We can inform those interested that it is plentiful at Port Stephens, and have no doubt that Captain Westmacott or Mr. Ralph, who represent the Australian agricultural company there, and are keen sportsmen and naturalists, would give the experiment a fair trial. The bronze-wing pigeon should also have a trial. The late Earl of Derby succeeded in breeding them in his aviary, as appears from a note to the author.

Another beautiful variety of Australian ornithology is the graceful Ground dove:—

"All that we read or imagine of the softness of the dove is realized in this beautiful and delicate little bird. It is very small, and has a general purple plumage approaching to lilac. It has a bright red skin round the eyes, the iris being also red, and its wings are speckled over with delicate white spots. The note of this dove is softer, but resembles the coo of the turtle dove."

"Australia is the land of minute forms of animated nature, and this is one of the most charming. To behold is to admire, to possess is to cherish with the interest called forth by its fragile beauty. This is probably quite the smallest existing pigeon. The same continent is inhabited by a beautiful little quail, which is not larger than a young guinea-fowl that has just broken the shell. What minute insect-like things its young ones must be! The little grass parroquets, not bigger than larks, are well-known; and among quadrupeds there is the flying opossum mouse, less than a mouse, with a tail like an emu's feather."

The second division of this work, 'The Aviary,' commences with a chapter on curassows, and a history of vain attempts to domesticate those beautiful and most tantalizing birds. To tame them is easy enough; but they will not breed in captivity, and, except as an extraordinary chance, will not lay a

fertile egg. The story of the curassows that would not imitate turkeys is told in a very lively manner; but it is too long to quote. Chapter IV. is a charming paper on water-hens, worthy of old White of Selborne:—

"They seem, from delighting in an approach to the dwellings of man, to require only a little persuasion, encouragement, and kindness, to become perfectly domesticated, but are of all birds perhaps the most untameable. As we retire, they advance; on our advancing, they retreat. Does an afternoon cloud overshadow the landscape, out come the water-hens from their hiding places in the sedgy banks; does the cloud send forth a pelting shower which drives the gardener and the labourer to seek a temporary shelter, the water-hens extend their range, to retire as soon as the squall is over and out-door work resumed. Before breakfast, while the family are not yet down, they will flirt, and play, and feed under the very living windows, but as soon as their would-be friends appear, they disappear. Should the household be unusually quiet from sickness, death, misfortune, or an absence, or change of scene, the water-hens know it, and presume on their knowledge.

"Not that they are to be frightened away by a good deal of noise if there is plenty of the food which tempts them, and cover. In our own case, a large piece of water was overgrown with aquatic weeds; in June it looked like a green continuation of the lawn. We cleared out the weeds; the hens disappeared. The weeds have grown again, and although a railway has opened within a few yards, and herons and mallards, formerly visitors, have entirely disappeared, the water-hens have come back, now that seeds, insects, and aquatic larvae abound.

"Being pleased to watch their curious tricks, we forbade any being shot, in the hopes of getting up a large head, but the old birds drive off the young one's late in autumn to seek their fortunes elsewhere; those in possession of the premises will admit of no intruders, and so we have tried how they answer in a pie, and can give a very satisfactory report; and we believe if every individual water-hen were eaten to-morrow, there would be as many as ever in a fortnight, by immigration from some other quarter, to occupy the tempting bulrushes, weeds, and sedge."

The water-hen, although incapable of domestication, will live, thrive, and even breed, if pinioned in a suitable aviary, with a pond and rushes for a hiding place.

There is a bit descriptive of the visit of the stranger from London, who takes the water-hens for Bantams. But we must go on to other curiosities. For instance, the 'kingfisher.' All who have lived near streams know that brilliant feathered anomaly in our dull-coloured climate; but what will they say to kingfishers in an aviary? We have ourselves had some droll pets, but this does seem startling.

Mr. William Rayner, surgeon, of Uxbridge, kept in captivity ninety-four species of birds, from hawks to tomtits, and Java sparrows—

"all, except the hawks, in an aviary open to the weather, situated in a northerly direction at the back of my parlour window, with a stone fountain in it playing constantly. My aviary measured thirty-three feet long by ten feet wide, and seventeen feet high, of iron wire. Trees of the fir, box, and beech grew within, so that the birds made themselves at home. A nest of kingfishers brought to me became so tame, that if I held a piece of meat in my fingers in the aviary, or against the wires, they would dart to my hand and fly off with the meat in their bill to their *special* roosting-place, for each had his own, and would admit of no intruder. I have had as many as seven young kingfishers in one nest, all of which I brought up (on raw meat and fish) until the following spring, when battles ensue among them, which are kept up incessantly, until only one remains the victor. I have watched them pursue each other, until at

last by one grand dart the one has transfixed the other to the ground, and flown away triumphant.

"Frequently have I observed them hovering for several minutes over the fountain, watching for food, and then suddenly rise again with the fish."

Mr. Rayner also kept those beautiful birds, the ruffs and reeves, in captivity. The peewit, it is well known, is a good garden pet, if it can be preserved from cats. But the most curious story in the book is that of the pair of herons, which, being pinioned, not only became tame, but built, laid, and would have bred in captivity, had it not been for the untimely death of the hen. We have also the amusing history of a captive bittern, with an engraving, in an attitude very characteristic, but not before represented, for this bird is seldom heard and still less seldom seen. Indeed, an accomplished critic (not in ornithology or sport) spoke the other day of the 'bustard booming,' thinking, we suppose, of the resounding line—

"The bittern booming in the marsh."

The tame bittern was kept in captivity five years. "During the calm summer nights I was frequently awoken with his peculiar cry or 'boom, boom,' loud but not unpleasant."

As long as Mr. Dixon talks about British birds, he talks very sensibly; but when he begins to moralize about Australian aborigines and the emu, he makes very comical mistakes. He says, the emu is threatened with rapid destruction at the hands of the European settlers. The aborigines would gladly preserve it, but the Englishman steps in and insists on exterminating the race:—

"The old men alone have the privilege of eating the emu, and so submissive are the young men to this regulation, that if from absolute hunger, or other pressing circumstances, one of them breaks through it, he returns to his tribe under a feeling of conscious guilt, sitting apart from the men, and confessing his misdemeanor to the chief at the first interrogation, upon which he is obliged to undergo a slight punishment."

And Mr. Dixon, arguing on this rule among the aborigines, and applying Norfolk feeling to the savages, attributes it to a desire to preserve emus. The fact is, that the Australian blacks attribute to emu flesh the exciting effects commonly supposed to be produced by 'truffles'; for, as Byron sings,

"Eggs, oysters too, are amatory food;"

and as no young black is allowed to take a wife until he is old enough to fight, until he arrives at the rank prescribed, he is no more permitted to eat emus or ducks than Master Jacky is allowed to call for champagne or smoke cigars. And if Master Jacky has been made half tipsy by some wicked bachelor friend of the family, he goes home very much ashamed and afraid of getting a threshing from papa and a very serious lecture from mamma. Beside, superstition helps the chiefs; for the young blacks are under the impression that if they do not confess and get absolved after eating emu's flesh, they will be covered with boils.

For our own part we like to see emus, and ostriches, and also red deer, and wild white cattle, such as formerly fed and bred all over the forests of England; but we prefer farms, dairies, short horns, and Christian men and women, churches and schools, in England. In Australia, sheep and cattle won't agree with emus and kangaroos: the latter go into voluntary exile when sheep appear, if not killed off. As far as food is concerned, the aborigines are better off when the whites settle down than previously. But the aborigines are like Mr. Dixon's curassows and

guans, they will not thrive in or near civilization.

Although we have by no means exhausted this amusing and original book, we must conclude by noting that there are chapters on quail, on gulls and gulleries, on the Chinese cormorant, all full of new matter, besides a dialogue in Norfolk dialect on the nightingale. In noticing quail, our author should not have passed over the American quail, as large as a partridge, which is a pretty bird for an aviary, as the cock is not only very handsome, but has a beautiful and very loud note, almost amounting to a song.

*Quakerism; or, the Story of My Life.* By a Lady, who for Forty Years was a Member of the Society of Friends. Dublin: Oldham.

The avowed object of this book is an exposure of ignorance and folly, and in this it fully succeeds; but it is the ignorance and folly of the writer. Style, spirit, and logic, are all equally bad, and the personal hostility in which the volume evidently originated is but clumsily concealed by a thin veil of philanthropy. While its nominal design is "to strip the Society of Friends of the flimsy covering which has so long shrouded its workings," no attempt is made to combat the tenets of Quakerism; it is plainly individuals who are aimed at, and not one single accusation is advanced, that does not resolve itself into some frivolous personality. It is true that individuals make up a sect, but a nice distinction ought to be drawn between the errors directly engendered by the principles of the Society in question, and those which would have been equally shown by the same party under any other denomination. No sect can, with justice, be condemned for what is common to all sects, and the faults brought forward in this book belong not to Quakerism, but to human nature. If we were inclined to do the Society the injustice of deducing general conclusions from isolated examples, we need look no further than the writer of this work for a proof of its narrow-mindedness and pride, forty years' adherence to its forms having failed to kindle in her one spark of Christian meekness or Christian charity. Some of the charges specified are so utterly trifling as to be beneath all comment; they have not the slightest bearing on Quakerism, and we only allude to them as specimens of the grounds on which it is seriously supposed a respectable and useful body is to be overthrown. What can be more absurd than to cite, as an instance of Quaker hypocrisy, the fact of a school girl wearing huge pockets, that 'Ivanhoe' might be concealed there, and some book, 'innocent and edifying,' substituted on the approach of a teacher. Is the doctrine therefore in fault? Equally absurd and impotent is the information that Quakers do not always give good dinners, that they are sometimes ignorant of the mode of travelling from Ireland to England, and that they have even been known to sleep during Meeting! Of accusations of this nature the volume is principally composed. Some few are of a rather graver character. There is a traditional reverence inherent in the minds of most men, which induces them to cling to old forms, long after they perceive them to be unimportant, and in practice inconvenient. This seems to be remarkably the case with the Quaker objections to the payment of all ecclesiastical imposts, and their method, as stated here, of avoiding the un-

pleasant results of a refusal, while outwardly holding by the ancient custom, is, at least, amusing. We quote from the work before us, not pretending to vouch for the accuracy of the particular facts. As a general principle we know it to be false:—

"Soon after I became a housekeeper, I was called upon by the tithe-collector. The two men who called upon me for the purpose of collecting the disputed impost were extremely gentle and polite. They saw at a glance that I was an ignoramus, and kindly volunteered to inform me how other Quakers managed; for I had told them, that my profession would not allow me to pay tithes, and that if they insisted on forcibly taking away my property, though I would not resist, still I would look upon it as actual robbery. 'I'll just tell you,' said one of them, 'how the Bristol Quakers manage, for I am going about among them some twenty years past, and I am always glad to accommodate them, and to meet their scruples. The sum you must pay is one guinea, so I will call here to-morrow, at eleven o'clock in the morning, and you just leave on the sideboard there some article of plate—your tea-pot will do very well, or spoons, or whatever you like—then I come and take it away. You don't give it, and so your conscience is clear. You will then return to your meeting people, that your tea-pot, worth ten guineas, was distrained for tithes, and as soon after as you like, you can go to Mr. Jones, the silversmith, and tell him how you lost your tea-pot, and are obliged to buy a new one. He will condole with you, and after showing you a variety of new ones, he will hand you your own identical article, and say he can sell you that cheap. Say one guinea—you pay your guinea, and get your own back again, cleaner and brighter than ever, and if you like you can purchase some other trifling little article, for Mr. Jones is a very accommodating man.' He then gave me the names of very many, my own acquaintances, who regularly once a year, as he jocularly said, 'allowed Mr. Jones to clean their plate.' 'There is old Mr. B.,' he said, 'has a fine massive tea-pot. It is always laid out ready for me, I always give notice before I go; and now twenty times I have carried it off, and got it brightened for him. He values it at twenty pounds, and his tithe is only one pound ten. And there is young Mr. R., he likes me to get his spoons done for him. He gives so many dinners, he likes to have them bright and new-looking."

An anecdote is also given of the mode of conducting similar business in Ireland:—

"A sack of wheat was once placed in a very conspicuous place in a barn, when it was known the tithe collectors were coming to distrain. The owner stood by and said to them, 'Look at that sack of wheat, I would not for five pounds seven and sixpence lose that.' Five pound seven and sixpence was the exact sum demanded. The men immediately lifted it up on the car they had brought with them, and drove off a little beyond the end of the avenue; they then turned back again. The Quaker had not moved from the spot he stood in. They said, 'Sir, will you buy a fine sack of wheat from us?' The owner having rubbed the grain in his hand, and observed that it was very prime, asked the price. 'Come, Sir, be quick, will you buy it for five pound seven and sixpence?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I will,' and drew the amount out of his pocket. The sack was restored to its proper place. The collectors received an extra shilling to drink the Friend's health, and very likely to laugh heartily at that curious anomaly, a Quaker's conscience."

There may be *some* truth even in the preposterous accounts here given of Quaker meetings, and their tedious silence; but truth suppressed, or only partially revealed, amounts to falsehood; and while no mention is made of the spirit of fervour and piety which animates these assemblies, the injustice is so glaring, as to render the whole tale unworthy of credit. We had intended to give an ex-

ample, to show the tone in which their religious observances are discussed, but on reperusing the many monotonous descriptions, or rather caricatures, of similar scenes, we find them all so dull, that we are unwilling to inflict on our readers an extract that could serve no other purpose than to show how little it was worth extracting. What can be said, too, of the spirit which induces the writer to accept an invitation to attend a Friend's funeral, from a "wish to know how they manage these matters in England," and then to follow up this intrusion into the house of mourning by a burlesque account of their mode of burying the dead. To those who have no troublesome scruples, it is an easy matter to turn serious subjects into ridicule. Little talent is necessary for the satire that is content to be ill-natured, and the wit that never arises above flippancy. A conscientious worshipper, be he of what sect he may, can be no fit mark for derision. We may differ from him, we may think him mistaken on vital points, but sincerity has in itself a certain claim on our respect. The cause of the Society of Friends would have suffered from a more moderate enemy; the mark is over-shot. Had less been said, more would be believed. The Society is safe while distorted facts, exaggerated details, and unsupported assertions, form the arguments against it.

As a mere personal narrative, the writer has failed to make her story either interesting or amusing. Vanity is her most conspicuous feature. She dwells with striking complacency on the wealth of her parents, and entertains the public with an inventory of the luxuries it afforded. The feeling is also indicated by her constant recurrence to the subject of dress. This from the first was evidently a stumbling-block; and we strongly suspect enmity to Quakerism sprung up in her mind with the discovery that it involved 'plainness of apparel.' Her style is rambling and inelegant. It offends by its levity, and wearies by its diffuseness. The authoress engages to give her name to the public when a second edition is called for; we hope and believe she may long preserve her incognita.

*A Defence of Ignorance.* Chapman and Hall.

THOSE who have read the series of papers originally published by the author of the present work in the *Examiner* newspaper, and afterwards collected, under the title of 'How to make Home Unhealthy,' will be able to form some opinion of the style and character of the present *jeu d'esprit*. We are inclined to think it has been suggested by the famous 'Declamation' of Erasmus, best known by the title of its French translation, 'Eloge de la Folie.' Erasmus, however, though a great master of dialogue, avoided its use in his celebrated satire, an example which our author would have done well to have followed. Instead of speaking in his own name, he has resorted to the machinery of a supposed "Select Committee, which appointed itself to inquire into the state of Education in this Country, and into any measures which may be required for the defence of Ignorance." This has afforded him no facility, and it is evident to the reader that he has found it an encumbrance.

The 'Ignorance of the Middle Classes,' the 'Ignorance of the Poor,' and 'Ignorance at the Universities,' are the topics discussed, and

their maintenance boldly advocated by the Committee. This is done with an amount of genuine and racy humour, and a profusion of curious illustration, which our extracts will scarcely convey, and which can be thoroughly enjoyed only by the perusal of the book itself.

The Committee consider the 'Establishments for the Education of Young Gentlemen' as important aids in the great cause to which they are pledged. Here is the description of a 'pattern school' conducted by Dr. Thomas Williams, a member of the University of Cambridge, and Ph.D. of Pisa, meriting their admiration, on the ground of its being especially adapted to damp the inquiring spirit of youth naturally anxious to corrupt itself with knowledge:—

"*Civetta*.—In an uncarpetted room, with dirty walls, the windows made opaque with paste, sit the young gentlemen, fifty in number. They sit on forms that are immovable, and they are expected to remain immovable upon their forms. Their books are supported before them upon dull rows of unpainted, wooden desks, with inkstands fixed therein, about as far apart from one another as the raisins in the Sunday pudding. Dr. Williams struggles with nature to put bigness into his own five feet seven. He sits on a lofty throne, before a desk or altar, and to him the rows of worshippers look up. He might be Serapis, as the god appeared before his demolition. The gigantic idol, with his arms upon the temple roof, was no less a real god in the Serapion than here in his Williamsion, Williams is sublime. When the hollow metal of the idol broke under the profane hatchet of the iconoclast, the crack was thought to be the crack of doom. The worshippers shrank to the ground, cowering with fear: these worshippers of Williams, even in their dreams would shudder at the thought of a bold hand or voice uplifted against him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A nod expresses the sublime will, quickly understood among an abject crowd. The first Greek class goes up. Twelve boys stand side by side, each holding a book which slightly trembles; they stand before the desk; if the cane were a sacrificial knife, a picture might be drawn of Williams as a savage priest about to offer twelve youths to the God of Ignorance. I grant that this is not agreeable, and I could wish that a most useful cause, like ours, could be maintained in the ascendant by means less repulsive. But children seek for knowledge, and their eagerness must be repressed. The book which these youths hold is in each case the same, and open at the same page. It contains the plays of Sophocles. These boys have been dragged through grammar as through a cactus-bush. They know all about *τυπτω*. Williams had not the consistency to say for them the active part, I strike, I have struck, I will strike; he illustrated it, however, as they went along with clever cuts, and gave them a proper feeling of the passive form, I am struck, I have been struck, and so on. Delectus they were taught to find a choice of evils, and the Anabasis a going down into some lower deep. They had learned to wish that Homer's works were in a single copy, and so fell into their claws; they knew what they would do, though they got flogged for it. They are now translating Philoctetes, wondering when Ulysses will be done with, for they are reading about him also with the French usher in Telemaque. As for the son of Poias the Melian, all they can make out is a connexion between his sore foot and their sore hands. To this extent perhaps they recognise his claim to sympathy on their part, and also they can understand his hatred of Ulysses. Philoctetes agrees with the boys thoroughly about that, for Ulysses is the man

'Whom of all other Greeks he would desire  
To lay his fist upon.'

"The Greeks fight a hard battle, and retire to suck their wounds. Theirs is a daily Marathon, in as far as Williams, their enemy, is concerned; for he has as much right as Isfudnear ever had to

be called Xerxes, and to be represented by his consonants as doubly cross, with a dog's growl and a goose's hiss.

"*Buho*. Fiddledee, sir! But I call this wholesome discipline.

"*Civetta*. Wholesome! Invigorating, bracing, the true tonic, my dear sir. I send four of my sons to Euclid Hall. The Greeks go down to suck their wounds, while they translate a passage of Shakspeare, 'The quality of mercy,' &c., into catalectic tetrameters. Before the awful desk their place is taken by a small herd of wild boys, who have been hunted out of the fields of arithmetic, and over the hills of algebra, into the jungle of trigonometry. Here they are confused with sines and cosines, and abused with complements, tripped over tangents, nevertheless they must on, on, through a ditch of logarithms, breaking fences of parabolas, until they are lodged safely in the pitfalls of the differential calculus.

"Binns Minimus now suffers torment. In a bald book of geography, which is little more than a bad index to the contents of the world political, Binns Minimus has sinned with many an imperfect lesson. He called a well-known Isthmus, yesterday, to the dismay of the English master, Suet. As a mild punishment he was ordered to learn his duty to man by nine o'clock on the succeeding morning. What is my duty to man, where is it? asked little Binns, but Mr. Thunderbolt was silent. This morning the young gentleman is ignorant of his duty to his fellow-creatures,—not having remembered that it was to be found in the catechism,—the Doctor knows his duty to a boy, and so Binns Minimus now suffers torment. \* \* \* \* Dr. Williams frequently tells his boys that caning is as painful to him as it is to the pupil suffering. Since fifty boys still yield him a good share of work, the amount of his self-flagellation is extremely serious. The Dominie might be St. Dominic. But as a Zoolo warrior, who had crossed the Cape frontier, declared his delight in sticking Dutchmen; the spear slipped into their soft unctuous skin so much more luxuriously than into the thick hide of a native, that he would much rather, he said, stick Dutchmen than eat beef; even so the hand of wrath may find a soothing outlet on the flesh of childhood. I never enjoyed sucking-pig so much as Dr. Williams seems to be enjoying now that operation on Binns Minimus, which sends him away to where he may not even, like Arvalan,

'In impotence of anger, howl,  
Writhing with anguish, and his wounds deplore.'

"*Buho*. That impotence of anger is, in my mind, the great object of the flogging. Mere physical pain now and then does a child good, and is soon forgotten; it will propagate no ignorance. What I like is to see a storm of anger raised in a child's heart against his teacher, all its winds tied up in a bag within him, without any hope of getting vent, except among his companions in spiteful nicknames and caricatures. Ignorance suffers when a child is taught through its affections. Therefore, I say, let us have none of that puling nonsense; let us instil some pluck into our boys."

The very efficient services rendered to Ignorance by the Universities are thus glanced at:—

"*Aziola*. The disciple of Oxford, who has taken the highest honours of the university, unless he should get himself corrupted with knowledge, from some other source, might be the warden of your House of Ignorance, and keep you all in safety. He is useless upon earth, would be mere ballast in a balloon, and one too many in a diving-bell. He becomes, according to his opportunities, perhaps, a legislator, and his training has unfitted him for grappling with great public questions. He applauds his brother who quotes Virgil in a speech, and can say, 'Hear, hear,' like a gentleman. Or he becomes a scholar, reads much Greek and Latin, and abstains from operating on his fellow creatures, as a surgeon conscious of his inability to use the knife. Or he becomes a—; well, I don't know anything else that he is fit to be. He becomes a clergyman, for which office his training has not been the best. Or he becomes a schoolmaster, and

teaches others to nurse one idea. Or, having wealth sufficient, he subsides into a country gentleman, for which he is extremely fit."

We need hardly say that the natural objection entertained by the heads and fellows of colleges to a revision of their statutes commands the unanimous approval and support of the Committee—a sympathy which those learned bodies could well have spared.

"*Uhu*. Let us take up the college plea of duty to the founders. There is reason in it. The Fellows of a college swear to keep the statutes of the founder inviolate, in their plain grammatical meaning. So of course they do. There is All Souls', for example, telling in its very name why it was founded. In this Collegium Omnium Animarum Fidelium Defunctorum, the fellows oblige themselves by oath to offer up prayers for the souls of King Henry VI. and Archbishop Chichele, for the souls of all subjects who had fallen in our famous war with France, and for the souls of all the faithful. It is well known that our noblemen-fellows of All Souls' are perpetually assisting at masses for this purpose in dutiful performance of their vow. Richard Fox, founder of Corpus Christi, only fell so far short of founding a monastic institution as to save his college from becoming involved in the monastic ruins. Some of the colleges were founded for the express purpose of promoting popery, and had their statutes framed accordingly.

"*Ulula*. Perhaps it is in obedience to these statutes that many of our Oxford men have conscientiously embraced the faith of Rome.

"*Uhu*. All Souls' was founded for poor scholars. "Civetta. Which of course the noblemen who hold its fellowships, all are, although not in the sense intended by the founder.

"*Uhu*. They have all passed an examination in psalmody before they were elected. Magdalene, founded for the poor, has a revenue of 30,000*l.* a-year; of course that is all spent in the encouragement of low-born genius. Fellowship never goes by favour to the rich, not even being earned by them, it is the heritage of poor men who devote themselves to intellectual toil. It is well known, also, that the fellows keep up their knowledge by daily scholastic exercises, to which they have pledged themselves, and pass examinations to attest their increase of proficiency. It would be ridiculous to suppose that, after becoming Bachelor of Arts through a weak school-boy's pass examination, the high titles of Master of Arts, Bachelor of Divinity, or Doctor, are not the reward of higher toil, obtained by the endurance of severer tests. It would be an insult to the university to think that she can say to her young fellows, wait a little while and pay me certain monies; for my letters M.A., B.D., D.D., D.C.L., &c., can be all produced out of your L. S. D."

We must not dismiss the 'Defence of Ignorance' without heartily commanding its wit and humour to the serious consideration of all who seek to advance the great cause of education, assuring them, in the words of Francisco Quevedo, "that he will never think his time ill spent in reading this discourse, who comprehends the morality of it."

*Excursions and Adventures in New South Wales.* By John Henderson, Esq. 2 vols. Shoberl.

THE reasons for publication set forth by Mr. Henderson in his preface, do not appear to us to justify his conclusions. He alleges that, "notwithstanding the number of works which have been written on New South Wales, it has appeared to him that none of them has given that kind of information which is most useful to the intending emigrant, and most interesting to those at home;" and he then leads the reader to believe that he is about to fill up the lacune.

Now, in the first place, we are not disposed to admit that our stores of information, respecting those parts of Australia occupied by emigrants, are scanty; and, secondly, we do not think Mr. Henderson's volumes would be of any great use to the young settler. For our author, unmindful of his promises, devotes sixty-seven pages to the outward voyage, some of which are occupied by wretched doggerel verses, which would disgrace a school-boy; and we have lengthy accounts of the natural productions of Australia, which have been described over and over again. His personal experiences form the modicum of bread to all this sack, and may be briefly summed up. "Settle not in Australia unless you have a good stock of perseverance, fortitude, and patience; with these you may do very well;" and as Mr. Henderson did not, according to his own showing, flourish as a settler, we apprehend that he is wanting in the essentials which he lays down as necessary to ensure success, and that the old aphorism may be applied to him:—'Caelum non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt,' which has been translated, 'Idlers and blockheads never mend by removal.' These 'Excursions in Australia,' as a title even, are very stale. Twenty years ago, Lieut. Breton published his 'Excursions in Australia,' which, independently of the charm of novelty, are much more interesting than Mr. Henderson's, and since that period, the rind of that mysterious country, or, at least, a considerable portion of it, has been made familiar to us by the publication of various works. The interior of Australia remains still, however, in the most comprehensive sense *terra incognita*, for Mr. Henderson's explorations, like those of the majority of Australian travellers, were only skin deep, and carried him generally through country already well explored.

After several excursions in search of a desirable locality for settling, he fixed on a flat at the mouth of a creek which falls into the M'Leay, about eighty miles from Port Macquarie:—

"My nearest neighbour dwelt at the station called Wabroo, on a creek ten or eleven miles down the river; I could therefore have no society, even if he had been inclined to be social. But the fact was, that, like most other squatters, though at such a distance from him, he thought I had encroached on his run by coming so near. This of course led to a rupture, and finally to an adjustment of our differences by the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Before we had been long encamped, a small party of blacks came down to us. They were great, strapping, and ferocious-looking fellows, fully armed with spears, boomerangs, and tomahawks. Only one of them could speak a word or two of English, which he had learned at the station up the river.

"By means of a little tobacco, however, and signs—the usual language of strangers, we soon made them understand that we wanted sheets of bark for enlarging our gunyas. They accordingly set to work, and stripped a good many trees, and were amply rewarded by a little meat, damper, and tobacco. They were anything but agreeable neighbours, though they displayed no hostility, and we were therefore glad when they moved their camp."

But although they left the immediate locality, they did not remove to any great distance, for on the following morning, as our author was asleep,—

"The door was burst in by the men, whose cries of 'The blacks, the blacks!' soon roused me. Jumping up, I seized my rifle, which stood ready loaded in the corner, and sprang to the door. When I reached this point, I saw the foremost

black fellow, at a distance of about twenty yards, poising his spear in the air, and almost in the act of launching it at one of the men, who as yet had only reached the doorway. Our foes stood on the brink of the steep bank, and the moment they caught a glimpse of me, or of the rifle, they were off like deer, springing at one bound down the bank, and before I could raise the piece to my shoulder!

"So cunning were they in keeping under the bank, and so quick in making to the large brush which skirted the flat, that though I followed them even to the edge of the brush, I could not get a shot at them, and I had determined not to fire without being pretty sure of hitting. Their disappearance was so sudden that it almost seemed supernatural. Of course, I could not have followed them in the brush, even if I would, and it would have been madness to attempt it, the consequences being commonly fatal. The leader of this attack was one whom we had heard to be a desperate wretch, who had been at the murdering of several white men. Poor Dennis described him, as he ran along the range, as an awful savage, whose eyes flashed like two coals of fire! I consider myself as having had a very narrow escape on this occasion. Had the men been killed, doubtless the savages would have murdered me in bed, and before I could be well awake, for the door had no fastening. It was lucky I had not to deal with men more civilized and thinking. Had they first murdered me, they could have taken the fire-arms, and slaughtered the two men with the greatest ease; but Providence did not permit them to fix on this most evident and most eligible plan."

This adventure was certainly not very likely to cause our author to fall in love with his adopted country, but the thievish propensities of the aborigines are well known to all Australian settlers, and it is equally well known that the spearing of a few stockmen is never allowed to stand in the way of a chance of carrying off a flock of stray sheep.

Mr. Henderson lends his testimony to the wonderful tracking power possessed by the Australians:—

"No mark on the ground escapes their eye. If a beast leaves the impression of its claw, or any other trace of its march; if a twig is broken, or a withered leaf turned over, they at once perceive it. The stones and rocks bear marks for their eyes, which we can never see. I have made them stoop down, and put the finger on the track which they saw, and yet perceived nothing. The creek, or even river, gives no protection against them. They will find your footprint in the sand, or on the pebbles at the bottom of the water, from which your tread has removed the thin coat of mud, or green slime, which was there. This it is that gives them their supremacy, and their food in the forest, where the white man can literally find nothing to eat. They are invaluable on this account for finding horses and cattle, which they seldom fail to do, when all efforts of the stockman fail. They are also invaluable for tracking other blacks, when the whites are in pursuit."

"I have known one of them lead a party of police and stockmen forty miles in pursuit of a hostile tribe who had killed a white man, over an exceedingly broken and scrubby country, through creeks and brushes, over stony ranges and deep gullies, and bring them to the very camp; and this after a lapse of several days, during which sufficient rain had fallen to efface, as we thought, all traces of the route taken by the enemy."

"But the black is master not only of the land. He rules the water also, and subjects the finny tribes to his power, and it is interesting and wonderful to note how by his ingenuity, and that most wonderful instrument, the hand, even the most degraded savage subjects all the lower animals, and makes them subservient to his uses."

The constant necessity of procuring food by personal exertion causes the Australian savage to devote all his energies to capture

every living thing. Nothing comes amiss to him. The most hideous reptiles are eaten with the same avidity as mutton chops, and every species of insect is laid under contribution. Honey forms a favourite repast, and the manner in which the depots of this dainty are discovered is curious; though not confined to the aborigines of Australia:—

"Having seen a bee alight on any twig or leaf, the black takes a little bit of the finest down of a feather, and rolling it up between his fingers at one end, cautiously steals upon the bee, and dexterously places the down upon his back, to which the honey makes it adhere. Away soars the savage's eye after it, his head being thrown back, and his whole gaze concentrated upon that one speck in the sky. As the bee advances, the black, keeping as nearly under him as possible, careering along at full speed, stumbling over boughs and bushes, leaping over logs and holes, and heedless of scratches and bruises, and everything else, but the speck of white down which is guiding him to the lofty gum-tree, in the topmost boughs of which lies his dinner for that day."

"Having traced the bee to his retreat, he procures a quantity of clean string-bark, which he tears up into a mass resembling dried moss, or, more nearly still, the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, when torn and teased. This is to place the honey upon. He then, with his tomahawk, cuts his way up the tree, cuts into the hollow branch where the hive is, feasts on it himself, and takes the remainder down in the stringy bark, which, if much adheres to it, he afterwards sucks, so that nothing may be lost."

Mr. Henderson essayed more than one locality before abandoning the country. The monotonous life of a settler, and its intense solitude, seem to have been too much for his impatient spirit. Here is his picture of a squatter:—

"Removed from society, and the refinements of life, he becomes careless of his appearance and manners; nay, he becomes heedless even of those comforts of life which are within his reach. With hundreds of cattle, he has no butter, or cheese, and very often no milk! With a rich soil around him, he has no garden; not any vegetable or fruit to drive away the scurvy. With grain, he has no poultry; with a gun, he has no game; with hooks and grasshoppers, he has no fish. Make a hole with your toe and throw a peachstone in, or drop one on the ground, and in three years it bears fruit; stick a vine-cutting into the earth, and in fifteen or sixteen months, clusters of fine grapes are hanging from its boughs, and yet the squatter seldom does the one or the other."

"He certainly has good reasons for not making his station too attractive, but it cannot be denied that his life is often much more cheerless and comfortless than it need be. Few of the stations are adorned by a female. Wherever this is the case, a great improvement is perceptible."

The squatter's dwelling is frequently a hut no better than those of his men; with a bark roof, an earthen floor, a hotbed of vermin, and a narrow berth fixed in one corner. The track through the forest leads up to his door, before which stands a bit of palings, or a couple of hurdles, to sun his blankets on, if he takes this trouble to dispel the vermin.

"His mode of life is uniform to excess. When he arises in the morning, he smokes his short black clay pipe; breakfast tardily appears, consisting of tea, damper, and a huge pile of mutton-chops, if his is a sheep-station, or salt beef, if a cattle station. After breakfast, he lights his pipe again, and sallies forth on horseback. His dress consists of a broad-brimmed straw-hat, a blue shirt, fustian, or some such trousers, supported by a belt round the waist, and ankle boots; his heels are armed with spurs, while in his belt, or in holsters, he probably has pistols. In his hand he carries the universal stockwhip, the handle a foot long, and the

lash twelve or sixteen feet, and giving forth sounds that startle the silence of the forest. During the day, his pipe is re-lighted at every hut, or fire-stick he passes, or if he sees none of these, he has recourse to his flint and steel.

"Probably he is out till sun-set without eating anything, and when he returns he sups, as he breakfasted, on damper and mutton-chops, or salt beef, not both, but on one or the other, according to the stock he breeds. If at home to dinner, his fare is the same; and even if he calls on a neighbour ten or twelve miles off, he finds no variety. Ten to one, he has no books, or no taste for reading; therefore, he smokes his pipe till bed-time, and then turns in."

The writer of this account assuredly is not the man to succeed as an emigrant. Our business with him, however, is as a book-writer, and enough has been said to show that we do not hold him high in this calling.

#### SUMMARY.

*Opening of the Great Exhibition.* By George Cruikshank.

AMONG the wonders called forth by the Great Exhibition, this engraving is one. George Cruikshank is reported to have been asked by a gentleman if he took sketches from the life, to supply materials for his comic caricatures, and to have replied—"Sir, never; therefore don't be alarmed." We have no difficulty in giving credit to this excellent repartee, for it is a matter of notoriety that George is not more witty with his pencil than with his tongue; and despite the sportive satire of the answer, the assertion it conveyed is not less strange than true. The sea of human countenances which cover many of his engravings—each face different, each full of life and character—are all the offspring of a tenacious memory and a powerful imagination. Yet, to compose a fanciful scene, peopled with visionary faces, is a less feat than to give from recollection a faithful transcript of an actual scene, such as was presented by the opening of the Great Exhibition. We believe it to have been done in the present print, which purports, truly no doubt, to have been taken on the spot, but in that original way which characterizes great and original genius. Those who chanced to be in the proximity of George Cruikshank on the eventful day, can testify that he came without his tools, or if he remembered to bring, he forgot to use them. The Crystal Palace, and the multitude which thronged it, were impressed upon his mind with Daguerreotype fidelity, and it was from this interior picture that he copied the print which is offered to the public. No man has been a greater conjuror in his art. He can construct a face with three little dots, or one or two scratches; and we have even heard of his drawing admirable pictures on a table, with his finger for a brush, and gin and water for his paint. Though he has since abjured the bottle for the pump, and would neither taste gin nor touch it, he would, at least, draw the picture with equal spirit. His hand, at any rate, has not forgot its cunning in the print which represents the opening of the Exhibition. It is not an engraving in his usual style—not one of those plates full of elaborate thought and dramatic humour, in which

"He feeds with varied fools the eternal jest," but a large, serious, exact representation of the building and its inmates, at the moment when the archbishop offered up the prayer. Its curious history, its intrinsic value, and its insignificant price, will recommend it to everybody; and those who were not present will be especially thankful to George Cruikshank that he went and looked on for them, and has brought them home the show.

*A Medical Man's Plea for a Winter Garden in the Crystal Palace.* Van Voorst.

THE plea set forth in this pamphlet is a very fair one in substance, but it is encumbered with statistical calculations, leading to exaggerated trains of reasoning and impossible results. The author endeavours to show by ingenuity and figures that the impurities of our London atmosphere are so fast

increasing with the increase of population, that we may gradually languish and prematurely die. The proportion of marriages amongst us, says our medical statistician, is far greater than among the population at large, while the births which result are fewer, and the deaths more numerous. This he traces to causes strictly atmospheric. The more the population increases, the more individuals live confined in rooms, and as every individual swallows 450,000 cubic inches of air in twenty-four hours, it follows that the aerial contents of a room are consumed several times over in the course of a day, diminishing the oxygen of the air with terrible rapidity, and leaving nothing but deleterious gas in its place. But behold the antidote for this alarming state of things. Turn the Crystal Palace into a Sanitarium,—a magazine of salubrious oxygen. We have within our reach, says the medicineman, a prophylactic of great power, capable of furnishing all the conditions of health. "We would have, in addition to the shrubs and fountains—both of great utility as agitators and renovators of the air—springs of living water for personal use. We would sink wells within the Crystal Palace, and establish a system of baths, which should combine all that is desirable in the Spas of Germany with all that is decent in the Roman Thermae. We would have a copious and well-arranged library and reading-rooms, retiring and reclining rooms, couches for repose, hand carriages, and a scale of refreshments so liberal and complete, as to furnish the most ample and convenient means of spending the whole day in the building." Who would not exchange the predicted condition of our atmosphere for such a state of beatitude!

*Abd-el-Kader. A Poem in Six Cantos.* By Viscount Maidstone. Chapman and Hall.

LORD MAIDSTONE has lately become, as the readers of the daily journals know, the public advocate of Abd-el-Kader. In his last letter to *The Times*, he gracefully apologises for what to some might seem presumption on his part, "pleading in defence, that he has had his attention especially directed (for the last two years) to Abd-el-Kader's country and career." The result of these two years' attention and labour we have in the volume before us. With every disposition to judge favourably of the poem, we confess we are somewhat disappointed. There are beautiful and spirited passages; but, like the country in which the scenes are laid, these poetical oases occur only here and there amidst deserts of monotonous metre. We regret that the poem was planned on a scale so extensive. Instead of an affair of six cantos, a book of three hundred and fifty pages, we wish that the subject had been compressed into a much smaller volume. In the newspaper letters to which we have referred, there is displayed so much vigour and taste, that we think a prose work, enlivened by occasional snatches of lyric song, would have been a far more successful literary effort. Such a work would have given scope for all the high enthusiasm and poetical fancy and generous feeling of the author, without his spirit being cramped by the mechanical labour of versification. But of the metre of the poem we must give two or three specimens. Here is a sketch of the heroic Emir:

"Light of bone, and small of stature,  
Ishmael's blood is hard to trace  
In that mild and gentle bearing,  
And the calm of that pale face.  
"No assiduous court attends him,  
Not a servile prince or lord  
Bends the cringing knee before him,  
Truckling to the coming word.  
"Here—man speaks with man undaunted,  
For his equal and his brother;  
Allah is the Nomad's master,  
And he fashions him no other.  
"Those that lead him must be like him,  
Frank, impetuous, free, and bold;  
Thus it is in wild Numidia,  
Thus it ever was of old!  
"Only in the press of battle,  
Flying raids, and fierce alarms,  
Shall ye know the valiant Emir,  
By his gallant horse and arms.  
"Only at the stern tribunal,  
By the Koran near his hand,  
Shall ye single Abd-el-Kader  
From the meanest of his band."

In the second canto, from a general description of Africa, we quote the opening lines of an account of the slave trade:—

"O'er Benin's unhallowed waters  
Lightly skins the demon bark,  
At her peak the stripes of freedom—  
Steady in her wake the shark.  
Nobly found! a fairy schooner  
Miracle of builder's art!  
Venture of some splendid merchant  
Catering for godless mart.  
"On her deck a swarm of pirates—  
Reprobates of every land;  
Each man with a brother's slaughter  
Reddening his accursed hand.  
Vainly toils the baffled cruiser,  
Plunging through those rolling seas,  
As the light-heeled bark to windward  
Like an evening swallow flees."

The closing Canto, entitled 'The Prison,' is full of eloquent denunciation of the treatment received by the Emir, in violation of the solemn compact under which he surrendered himself to General Lamoricière. This part of the poem is mostly of a higher strain. *Facit indignatio versum.* Some noble passages we might quote, but we content ourselves with referring all who feel interest in the fate of Abd-el-Kader to lord Maidstone's book. What we have said about the length of the poem refers more to the author's reputation than to the reader's pleasure. So generous and amiable a spirit pervades the whole, that we are carried contentedly over those parts which are of inferior merit. The prefatory account of Abd-el-Kader's career and the illustrative notes will be read with much interest.

*The First Step in Chemistry.* By Robert Galloway, F.C.S. Churchill.

THIS is an extremely valuable addition to our educational works. Nearly all the treatises on chemistry start from the third or fourth step, the authors inferring that the simple rudiments are already sufficiently understood. Mr. Galloway has intuitively remembered, that the very alphabet of a science—the signs by which its elementary ideas are to be understood—must be learned, and he offers the means by which they may be correctly impressed on the mind. This work will be found to be of great value to those who are endeavouring to educate themselves in this interesting science. It will also prove of high utility to the young laboratory student, and materially relieve the teacher in his difficult task of advancing the pupil over the first step.

*Madrilenia; or, Pictures of Spanish Life.* By H. D. Wolff. Bentley.

WE cannot compliment Mr. Wolff on his pictures. They are slight, even to weakness, and almost colourless. We are told that, as sketches, some of them have already appeared in periodicals. With this ephemeral distinction their author should have remained amply satisfied. Although Spain is a treasury of odd, out-of-the-way scenes and persons, yet Mr. Wolff's performances are lamentably deficient in individuality and interest. In proof of this we may mention, that no less than sixty-two pages of his small volume are devoted to an historical account of the 'Escurial,' which, he justly apprehends, "will not, perhaps, amuse the few persons who will probably read his work;" and we have nearly as much space occupied by the hundred times told story of a bull-fight, unrelieved by a single novel incident. Such book-making as this is wholly unpardonable. A traveller's journal should be a reflection of impressions, and the greater their freshness and vividness, the more will they please. Description, as a general rule, should be avoided, and, above all, descriptions of places, which are stereotyped in guides and handbooks *ad nauseam*. The knowledge of all that may be learned through the generalities of comprehensive description, comes to us with not half the delight which we derive from being made participants, in imagination, with the traveller's adventures, and thus those works of travel which fall within the class of personal, as opposed to historical or descriptive, are almost invariably to be preferred, not on account of their egotism—for nothing that deserves that obnoxious name is necessarily inherent in a personal narrative—but for

the sake of the strict fidelity and vividness of effect which such a narrative is likely to insure. But what can be expected from a man who chronicles time spent in such a fashion as this:—"Gonsalvo and myself amused ourselves in the heat of the day by catching lizards. Ha—there goes one, and bang goes a stick upon the head of the devoted victim; he escapes, and the baton falls upon the stone wall. Then, along the parapet, another is seen, whom we stun and catch, and we find congenial sport till we fill an empty cigar-case with stunned lizards and the debris of others!" We advise Mr. Wolff to submit any pictures which he may perpetrate in future to the judgment of judicious friends, before hanging them up for public inspection.

*Photogenic Manipulation.* By Robert J. Bingham. George Knight and Sons.

We have already spoken in praise of this little work, which deals in a succinct manner with the manipulatory details of Photography. In the present edition all the more recent improvements have been included; and the directions given for preparing glass plates with albumen have a particular value, from the attention which the author has given to this peculiar branch of the art.

*The Reign of Avarice. An Allegorical Satire.* Pickering.

"Of all vices characteristic of mercantile nations there is none more striking than avarice; nor is there anything in which it is so thoroughly exemplified as in excessive commercial speculation." Thus commences the preface of this poem, in which the author allegorically satirizes the last great outburst of this moral epidemic in the time of the railway mania. Under the figure of a rebellion for a time successful, the derangement of feeling and confusion of society throughout Great Britain are described. A queen called Avarice, assisted by a host of conspirators, obtains possession of the throne, and reigns for a season in Chrysopolis, instead of Nice (Victoria), the rightful sovereign. The religion, customs, and many of the laws of the kingdom, Trigonia, are changed during this usurpation. Mammon-worship and other forms of idolatry are established. The legislature is altered so as to admit Jews, Buddhists, Parsis, and all sorts of men, poverty alone being the one ground of exclusion from any public office, and wealth the chief recommendation. In one of her royal progresses, the Queen visits the town of Speculation, the chief man of which, named Eborac, receives her in the Hall of Bubbles. Eborac is placed on the throne beside her, and after he had made a wonderful speech, to which the queen replied:—

"Then rising, she descended from the throne  
Where sate the ennobled Eborac alone,  
And bowed before him, while her subjects all  
In high acclaims enthusiastic call,—  
'Hail to the wielder of great Fortune's rod,  
Worship him! worship him! 'tis a god, a god!'"

The plan of the satire will by these few hints be understood. Some of the ideas are good, but the execution of the poem is not equal to the design and subject. In the last Canto a great battle is fought, when the legions of the Press overthrow the forces of Avarice and Imposture, and peace and honour are happily restored to the kingdom. The mustering of the forces and the mock description of the conflict are well conceived; but even from this we cannot find ten consecutive lines to quote, which would give a favourable idea of the poem. A book so deficient in talent and taste would not receive from us even this passing notice, but for the right feeling and well-meant labour which it displays.

*Safety in Peril.* Sampson Low.

THE writer of this little treatise is deeply impressed with the idea that irreligion and infidelity are spreading among the upper classes of society, and describes the state which she deplores as a reaction from Puseyism, or rather as a necessary accompaniment of a religion of mere forms and ceremonies. Although we do not sympathize with the sombre view of matters taken by the amiable authoress, we appreciate the affectionate faithfulness displayed in her description of the only true safety in spiritual peril.

#### *Black's Picturesque Tourist in Scotland.*

Ninth Edition. A. and C. Black.

THIS is on the whole the best Scottish guide-book, copious in its information, graphic in its style, sensible in its directions, and of convenient size and form. The maps are well executed, and the itineraries clear and well arranged. For some of the northern districts, and for all scientific information, the guide-book compiled by the Messrs. Anderson, of Inverness, is perhaps superior, but for the general tourist the present volume will be found amply sufficient. Great care has been taken in the account of Edinburgh and the other towns most interesting to strangers, as well as in the description of the routes through the country. Besides the matter pertaining to Scottish scenery, antiquities, history, and statistics, the traveller will find useful hints as to expenses at inns and on the road. The work does much credit both to the Editor and the Publishers, and 'Black's Picturesque Tourist' holds the same place as the National guide-book for Scotland which Murray's handbooks do for some other countries.

*Village Sermons.* By Rev. John Edmunds, M.A. Hatchard.

WITHOUT containing anything either striking or original, these sermons have the more useful merit of presenting scriptural truth in simple style. For the limitation of their use "chiefly to country congregations, or children, and servants in families," we see no cause, and the author's remark to that effect in the preface indicates a mistaken idea, too prevalent. Simplicity of style is never out of place in the public handling of religious topics, and is always most admired by those who have most learning and taste. There are twenty sermons in the volume, most of them on subjects of general usefulness, and there is a due mixture of doctrinal with practical discourses.

*The Steam Engine.* By Hugo Reid. Third Edition. Groombridge & Sons.

THIS little work on the Steam Engine, which places in a very popular form all the peculiarities of this great triumph of human thought, is already well known. The history of each step in the progress of improvement is very satisfactorily sketched, and a perusal will at once convey to the mind a very correct idea of the gradual advances by which the Steam Engine has been brought to its present condition of high utility and manifold application. In a long appendix to this work, Mr. Reid has reviewed the "Eloge of Watt" by M. Arago. We are not quite sure that he does Arago justice, or that Papin's services "are greatly over-rated." Free to admit that the French philosopher may have leaned with a little too much of the love of country towards those engineers of France who turned their attention to steam as a motive power, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact, that Mr. Hugo Reid has been equally partial as it regards Englishmen. Arago has strong prejudices in favour of France; Mr. Reid is no less prepossessed towards England. They are antagonistic powers, the truth probably being equi-distant between the extreme points of the argument. Papin did a great deal, but Watt did more towards rendering steam available as a motive power.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Black's Picturesque Guide through N. and S. Wales, 5s. Croly's Scenes from Scripture, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. De Porquet's Phraseology, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d. Edmund's (Rev. J.) Sermons, 12mo, cloth, 5s. Hindmarsh's (R.) Precious Stones, 12mo, 2s. Handbook of Burleigh, post 8vo, sewed, 3s. Hitchcock's (Professor) Religion of Geology, cloth, 7s. Little Henry's Holiday at the Great Exhibition, 2s. 6d. Lay Member's Guide in Visiting the Sick, post 8vo, cl., 3s. Le Breton's French Scholar's First Book, 12mo, 3s. Lindsey's (W. H.) Season at Norwich, cl., 7s. 6d., gilt, 10s. 6d. Lamartine's Stone Mason of St. Point, 1s. 6d. Monk's Awful Disclosures, third edition, 12mo, cloth, 3s. M'Arthur's Scale of Medicines for Merchant Service, 2s. 6d. Oliphant's Law of Church Ornaments, post 8vo, cloth, 5s. Poor Henry, from the German, square, boards, 1s. 6d. Parby's Brief Sketch of the Anglican Church in India, 3s. Richardson's (Rev. John) The Real Exhibitors Exhibited, 2s. Skene's (J. H.) Eras of Ottoman History, 8vo, 2s. 6d. Squire's (P.) London Pharmacopoeia in a Tabular Form, 12s. Vaughan's Personality of the Tempter, & other Sermons, 7s. 6d.

#### BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

##### SECTION C.—Geology.

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OF all the Sections of the Association, the Geological is proverbially the most popular. Its attractiveness is wrongly attributed to the uncertainty of the problems with which it deals. In reality, the unsettled portions of the science are those for the most part selected as subjects of discussion; hence the mistake. The attraction really lies in the clear and untechnical language used by its votaries in their discussions; in the earnestness, and consequent impressiveness, not seldom rising to eloquence, by which their debates are distinguished; in the care taken by the authors of memoirs to make clear their meaning by diagrams, drawings, and other illustrations. The geologists never forget that, when communications and debates are addressed to an unscientific audience, the language in which they are conducted should be as comprehensible as possible, consistent with a fair use of time. And, after all, through such a course, it is not merely the amateur who benefits. How many of the fellows of scientific societies are capable of listening, with understanding, to a scientific memoir not concerning their own immediate field of research? The reading of papers in our metropolitan societies is too often a mere form, conducted before a few solemn and sleepy seniors, anxiously watching the clock, and hoping for the hot tea to come, but sitting still, and striving to look attentive through a respectable sense of duty, and a traditional reverence for their beloved "dignity of science." Yet how much more interesting, even to such auditors, would a philosophical *séance* in town be, were the heavier papers expounded, and brief communications illustrated by diagrams and experiments, permitted to break the monotony of the evening.

The geologists met in great force at Ipswich, though, unfortunately, somewhat desultory in their attendance. Their platform was never overladen with stars, though always well lighted. Their proceedings were marked by the usual amount of amicable skirmishing, and some of the combatants seemed inclined to lay aside the gloves. Much good and new matter came before the Section—perhaps more important matter than usual. There was not, however, the usual amount of painstaking in getting up the scenery of the stage, and this was to be regretted. Of illustrious strangers, there were several of no small renown; for we had Constant Prévost, one of the most philosophical of European geologists, and one of the earliest and most distinguished advocates of the doctrine of the value and force of existing causes; Dufrenoy, the colleague of Elie de Beaumont, and one of the most eminent of French *savans*; and Pierre von Tchihatchef, the energetic explorer of the Altai, and more recently of Asia Minor; also, Dr. Schafhaeul from Bavaria, and Dr. Nordenskiold from Sweden, both eminent geognosts. Some of these gentlemen spoke the English language with facility. Two of them—M. Constant Prévost and Dr. Schafhaeul—made communications of great general interest, explanatory of their peculiar views of the principles of geology.

The Geological Section has not contributed overmuch to the Association *Transactions*, if we except palaeontological reports, which, strictly speaking, are natural-history papers. It is not much in the habit of calling for such memoirs beforehand, and it would be well if this were looked to, for much of the value of the other Sections depends on

the manner in which each year is marked by the filling up of some blank, and the appointing of an active inquiry into some deficiency to be reported on by the next meeting. There is a dearth of active young members in the Geological Section, (and equally so in the Geological Society,) that threatens to become serious in a few years, when the energy of the band of Geological fathers, still dwelling among us, shall have waned. There is no surer way of remedying this than the setting of well-chosen tasks to young and active men, even if at present they are only nibbling at the science.

For some years back, very important reports and communications have been brought up by an Irish geologist, who is an honour to his country. We allude to the researches into the phenomena of earthquakes, conducted by Mr. Mallet. The last day of the Ipswich meeting was marked by this gentleman's able and eloquent exposition of his experimental investigations of this most interesting subject; one which, by ability to deal with it, learning, and perseverance, he has made his own. Through him we may hope to get at a clear understanding of the many geological phenomena that depend upon the action of earthquakes, small and almost imperceptible, as well as those on a great scale.

Of course the crag furnished the texts of numerous discourses at this meeting. It was the first time the Association had visited a locality in the immediate neighbourhood of this curious formation, or rather, group of formations. The first day's meeting was entirely taken up with crag discussions. Its physical structure, as well as that of the London clay of Suffolk, was illustrated by Professor Phillips. He called attention to the drifted character of the red or upper crag, and compared the coralline, or lower crag, to the drift coral formations of the Bermudas. Mr. Searles Wood, our chief authority on the details of organic remains, (especially mollusca of the crag,) communicated his observations on the curious tubular cavities perforating the coralline crag near Orford, attributing them to the action of carbonic acid gas rising from below. Professor Owen communicated the results of his examination of mammalian remains from the Red Crag. He commented upon the curious earbones of whales, so abundant in that formation, and pointed out that many of the so-called coprolites were portions of bone degraded. He maintained that the teeth and bones thus found had been derived from a pre-existing formation. This question was the subject of considerable discussion, some geologists maintaining that such remains had been derived from the London clay, others that they had come from intermediate beds, possibly of miocene age, and others that they belonged to the crag epoch, or, at any rate, were not older than those of the coralline crag. In this discussion an active part was taken by Mr. Charlesworth, who has the honour of having been the first to discriminate between, and classify, scientifically, the different stages of crag. Mr. Bowerbank (on the Monday) maintained that the gigantic shark, of which we find so many teeth in the crag, was derived from destroyed strata, probably of the age of the Maltese beds. Sir Charles Lyell called attention to the position of the fossil Balani found adhering to red crag pebbles. Professor E. Forbes gave an account of the results of his examination of the Echinodermata of the crag, and stated the curious fact, that they consist in part of species still living in the North Atlantic, and not extending to the Mediterranean, partly of species that lived in the Mediterranean during the Miocene or Pliocene epochs, and still live there, but associated with fresh forms, and partly of types that are now peculiar to the Indian Ocean. These facts seem to indicate an eastward trend of the crag sea and its communication in that direction with tropical currents. Several notices of fossil mammals of different ages were communicated by Mr. Gunn and Mr. Rose, but especially by Professor Owen, whose account of the fossil mammalia from the Eocene freshwater beds of Hordwell was a very important communication, and did due honour to the Marchioness of Hastings, to whose persever-

ance, science, and skill, we chiefly owe these discoveries.

Each annual meeting suggests subjects of investigation for the next; and local phenomena that might otherwise rest unknown, or be imperfectly explored, are consequently subjected to the investigations of the ablest observers. Of such an origin were the valuable memoirs by Sir Roderick Murchison on the drift of Scotland, and by Mr. Hopkins on the dispersion of the Scotch granite rocks. The tendency to recognise the effect of several distinct causes during the same epoch, in producing drift phenomena, is a great advance on the exclusive advocacy of some one or two agents, that formerly were appealed to in such discussions.

In Comparative Geology, one memoir of prominent value was read. This was Mr. Logan's account of the results of the geological survey of Canada, of which he is director. Most interesting and curious are the facts brought to light during the progress of this laborious work, conducted under singular difficulties, and mastered only by indomitable zeal and perfect fitness for the task; one that does honour to the colony, and is at the same time sure to contribute materially to its economic advantages. In connexion with these researches of Mr. Logan's is the discovery of reptilian tracks on slabs of Lower Silurian rocks, at an epoch when no air-breathing animals were supposed to exist. Colonel Portlock contributed some notes bearing on the geology of South Africa; and an announcement was presented from the Museum of Practical Geology, of the receipt of collections made by Dr. Overweg, in Fezzan, that prove the existence of palaeozoic strata of Devonian age, comparable with those of the Sierra Morena, in a region where none had been found before. This discovery has important bearings on the physical geography and distribution of life in Africa. Our knowledge of the geology of Asia was extended at this meeting by the researches, now first brought before the public in full, of Captain Strachey among the Himalayas and Thibet. This distinguished traveller has made out clearly, in the regions he explored, the existence of lower Silurian strata, of rocks of the age of the Muschelkalk, of several distinct Oolitic formations, and of extensive tertiaries at enormous elevations—discoveries of the highest geological value. Respecting India, there was also an interesting communication on upheavals and depressions in the Bombay district, by Dr. Bristow.

The Saturday was devoted to excursions. This practice is a very questionable one. It interrupts the sectional business of the week, and breaks up the time and plans of many who would wish to work regularly for several days together. Were the excursions fixed for the last day of the Association week—the final Wednesday—they would become an inducement to many, who now leave early, to remain throughout the meeting, whilst the Saturday would be thus gained for the severer business. The Ipswich Saturday was fortunate in its weather. The Geological Section seemed to take ship *en masse*, and floated down the river very harmoniously. Sundry sub-sections were established on the paddle-boxes, their lively discussions sometimes ending in a little smoke. Even the open sea did not quench their zeal. Eventually they bifurcated—one branch to Felixstow, and the other to Ramsholt. The crag was the attraction at both places. At the former locality the base of the red crag is beautifully exposed in the cliffs, where it there rests directly on the London clay. At Ramsholt, Mr. Colchester had kindly opened out a pit wherein the red crag was seen resting upon the lower or sandy and shelly beds of the coralline crag, the upper ones, laden with corals, being wanting. These formations are so local, that a sight of them was new to many of the geologists present. Other persons were interested with their economic bearings, for at both places we saw the excavations made into those strange accumulations of rolled crustacea, remains of whales and coprolites, imbedded in the red crag, and so valuable for manure. The first naturalist who called attention to their value, Professor Henslow, was present in the expedition. Many

thousands of pounds have been acquired in consequence of his discovery—we dare scarcely say how many—but the pleasure of having made his science serviceable to his country's good, has been the sole reward of the discoverer in this, as in many other instances. On the whole, this excursion was not a mere play-day. It was highly instructive; and we may safely affirm, that every geologist present gained some fresh and valuable knowledge on the occasion, whilst those who are collectors added some fine specimens to their cabinets.

In our account of the Natural History Section last week we omitted to notice a valuable and interesting report on the phenomena of reproduction in plants, by Mr. Arthur Henfrey. This is a portion of a larger report requested at a former meeting. The subject could not be entrusted to a better man, nor be more ably and originally treated.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

'On the Oriental Origin and Civilization of Mexico,' by Mr. Pote. Thirty years of close research had established the fact, of which he was prepared to offer tangible evidence, that not Mexico only, but also Egypt and Etruria, with the rest of the civilized world, were indebted for their earliest occupation and civilization to Central Asia: and that this was demonstrable by, among other proofs, the absolute identity of language over the globe at an early period, as shown by the proper names, the records, and traditions of every country, to an extent that went far to vindicate the 1st verse of chap. xi. Genesis. He freely challenged the severest scrutiny, for which he was ready even then to afford every facility, into the history and philology, for instance, of earliest Egypt, whose very name and all its institutions were demonstrably Oriental, and explainable only by its oldest tongue, which, with its Heptanomie varieties, was, no less than the Coptic, undeniably Eastern, as a very slight examination would evince.

The same, and with equal certainty, could be asserted of the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions, as evident in the case of the Man-Lion and the Man-Bull; of the Obelisk, he distinctly affirmed, of Ninjas, who first took from his Persian conqueror and victim the title of Sardanapalus,—these two reigns thus supplying a mournful hiatus in history; of the proper name Aubnui, first deciphered by Mr. Birch; and, in truth, of the whole series of inscriptions now in London, these being in alphabetic characters, and written in a still extant language, as could easily be proved.

The series of seven cognate tongues with three additional dialects, all traceable to the earliest East, and all existing to this hour, would suffice as evidence to any one who chose to acquire the respective characters and consult the vocabularies. He then cited a passage of the lost Toltek language of Mexico, as given by Von Humboldt, with its exact translation and singular grammatical form, which doubtless would be recognised, partially at least, by some of the learned scholars present. The characters engraved on a silver collar found at Chix-Cheu in Yucatan, were next exhibited, and underwent the closest inspection. He had not found them in the Girnar Lat, as was suggested; they were almost entirely Indian, of the 2nd and 5th centuries B.C., thus strangely connected with Mexico. He had traced them from alphabets in his own possession for years, and pointed to a collection lying accidentally on the table, that day fresh from the R.A.S. printer, where, he doubted not, they would appear at a glance. Four inscriptions from Sacbey and Kabah, taken by Stephens with the daguerreotype, were then put forward. These were not, as had been imagined by the very first and ablest scholars in Europe and the East, mere barbarous scratches, but were absolutely identical with characters from India, Siam, Ava, and Java. The meanings, too, were intelligible in the respective tongues; and he gave them. The Mexican teocallis were paralleled by one from Raffles' work on Java, which he exhibited.

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A profusion of evidence, in shape of translations and remarkable coincidences of rites and traditions, was next offered. They included the mystic closing words of Eleusis; three Etruscan sentences; some Irish traditions; the Round Towers and their origin; explanations of the obscurest of Biblical passages, such as the dying words of Jacob's prophecy; the unexplained portion of Ezekiel; the derivation of Mahound and Termagaunt, Tatar words, the latter equivalent to Moloch; extracts from Ovid and Dionysius Halicarnassus, bearing singularly on the Head and Serpent; the story of Orpheus; the green serpent, Quetzalcoatl, the "Tænarias fauces," the "regemque tremendum," this last title found on Assyrian inscriptions; the Teti Ionan; the Huitzilopochtli, &c., of the Mexican. All referred to the systems and race of those Aborigines, the Mikedam of the Hebrew Genesis, c. xi., and whose monuments, now first deciphered and lying before the meeting, showed them to have come "from the east" immediately after the deluge, by both land and water; spreading over the west, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Italy, and the African shore, to have formed the Pelusiac canal so admirably visible in Wyld's gigantic model, so important he had found it to this investigation; and from the site of Carthage to have sailed to the Orinoco, whence their inscription was brought by Von Humboldt, and could now be read. The similar inscriptions recently brought from South America were of the same class. The race of Wanderers finally settled, in part at least, in Mexico.

Inscriptions from the Caspian, Hyrcania, Wejh, Wady Mokattab, Petra, Tunis, the Orinoco, and Yucatan; the Mississippi mounds and names; the appellation of the Toltecs, or Wandering Masons, unfound until now in the eastern hemisphere; the Hiob of Drake; the Californian mines and name, and those of Lake Superior; the Dighton-rock record of Massachussets, and, finally, the names spread over every country of the world, together with those in the Genesis, all intelligible in the above class of languages, and in those alone, all were striking and unquestionable evidence that the veil of the mystic Isis of antiquity was now raised by mortal hands.

#### MR. GRIFFIN AND PROFESSOR BALFOUR.

In noticing, about two months since (*ante*, p. 362), the benefits arising to the public from the cheap re-issue of valuable copyrights, such as those in course of publication by Messrs. Longman and Co. in 'The Traveller's Library,' we remarked that care should be taken not to publish reprints of any articles that have become impaired or antiquated by time, without being newly edited or submitted to the authors for correction. As a general caution to publishers, we quoted an instance in which a treatise on magnetism, and another on optics, written some time since by Sir David Brewster, for a well-known encyclopædia, had been lately reprinted with the current date, regardless of the prodigious discoveries that have been made in those sciences during the last few years, and "a similar offence," we observed, "has been committed with Professor Balfour's 'Manual of Botany,' to which we may have occasion to refer hereafter." The history of this transaction now printed and circulated by Messrs. Griffin and Co., the proprietors and publishers of the 'Manual,' we deem important to be noticed.

In 1847, Mr. John J. Griffin conceived the idea of publishing a translation of 'Jussieu's Botanical Treatise,' which forms part of the 'Cours Elémentaire d'Histoire Naturelle,' and applied to Mr. Balfour, Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, to undertake the task. The Professor answered that he had long meditated a cheap textbook for students, and finally agreed with Mr. Griffin, for the sum of £200, to write an original work upon the model of Jussieu, and to recommend it for use among his pupils and friends. When the 'Manual' was printed, and the purchase-money came to be paid, a dispute arose between author and publisher as to the ultimate copyright. Nothing was said in the original agreement about

*editions*, and the Professor, little skilled in the arithmetic of the cost of production, (the proceeds of the first edition did not cover this by £300,) was under an impression that he had sold only the *first edition* of the work. The publisher contended, with justice, that he had bought the permanent copyright, and refused to pay the author unless he made him a formal assignment of it. Professor Balfour, after consulting his legal adviser, complied with the demands of the Messrs. Griffin, so it is to be presumed that they had law as well as equity on their side. But probably thinking, though without a shadow of reason, that this assignment had been unfairly extorted from him, the Professor resolved to start an opposition. Upon receiving an application from Mr. Griffin to revise the 'Manual' for a second edition, the author replied that he would have nothing to do with any work of which he had not the copyright, and that he was making preparations for a similar book, over which he could exercise complete control. The Messrs. Griffin made a variety of liberal and conciliatory offers, to induce him to relent. Among others, they offered to give him up the copyright when the third edition was exhausted; but the Professor wanted it back at the expiration of five years, whether the publishers had sold three editions of the work or not. In this dilemma they were forced to employ another botanist to revise the 'Manual.' Immediately on the publication of the second edition, thus revised, an unfair and defamatory review appeared in a Scotch newspaper, with which Professor Balfour is intimately connected, and copies of this malicious critique were industriously circulated among botanists and the editors of journals, to obtain their sympathy. This attack was followed by another article, equally defamatory of the work, in a periodical conducted by Professors of the University; while the author of the 'Manual' told his classes that certain changes have been introduced in the new edition, which are grievous blunders. The Messrs. Griffin reply that, with trifling exceptions, the new edition is a reprint of the old. It is true they count 409 corrections, but nearly the whole of these are grammatical and literal errors of the press, and 'errata,' of which the author advertised two pages full at the end of the first edition. The only botanical alteration in the second edition, of any importance, is this:—The editor, not being satisfied with the position of the *Rhizanthæa*, removed them, as being doubtful subjects, to the end of the flowering plants; not because of their affinity with the *Glumaceæ*, the last of the flowering plants, but because he thought it more prudent to place them provisionally at the end, after the manner of Lindley and Endlicher, until their characters are better understood.

Here the matter rests, and unless the straightforward statement of Mr. Griffin can be seriously impugned, no impartial critic can hesitate to adopt the view that we have felt bound to take of it. Professor Balfour, contrary to his distinct pledge, is labouring to cut down a stately tree of his own planting, instead of digging about it and dunging it, because he wrongly imagines that he only let what he really sold. The defence set up for him by one of his Reviewers is, that though an old botanist, he was, at the time of his agreement with Mr. Griffin, a young author and a stranger to the mysteries of literary bargains,—that "in botanical language, he was in what might be called a state of chlorophylle—in short, green." To speak plainly, it is insinuated that the Messrs. Griffin took him in. The plea might be valid if it were true, but it is discreditable, being false. The *animus* of the writer is seen through his joke of the Professor's verdure. Professor Balfour was paid a fair—nay more, a liberal price for his work; he was offered a liberal sum to revise it, and it is difficult to comprehend, after the explanations he has received, how he can continue to labour under his original delusion. Of one thing he has a right to complain. The alterations in the text of the second edition are not distinguished from those of the first, so that it is left to be inferred they are the author's. But this is a trifle compared to the injustice done to the publishers

by this revengeful attempt to damage their property. Happily the 'Manual of Botany' has acquired a reputation to which scandalous reviews can do no lasting injury, and we rise from the perusal of Mr. Griffin's pamphlet with the conviction, that although the Professor would have been the best editor of his own book, the second edition is nevertheless an improvement on the first.

While remonstrating with publishers when they are unjust towards authors, we must not shrink from remonstrating with the authors who are unjust towards publishers. Their common interest, and the interests of literature, can only be preserved by mutual equity, and when either sets up an overweening claim, it generally happens, as in the quarrel between the belly and the members, that both of them suffer. We cannot believe that Professor Balfour, who has our best wishes in the settlement of this dispute, will persist in his error, and it is with a friendly feeling that we advise him to abandon his ungenerous—not to say dishonest, opposition. If he venture upon the publication of any new class-book, Messrs. Griffin will, of course, obtain an injunction to restrain the sale of it.

#### M. DAGUERRE.

ON Thursday, the 10th inst., M. Daguerre, whose name is for ever associated with one of the most refined applications of Science to the Arts, died suddenly, in Paris, in the 62nd year of his age. The Daguerreotype process was published by him in the autumn of 1839, specimens of the results obtained having been exhibited in Paris in January of the same year. The whole of Europe were astonished at their beauty, and every one applauded the liberality of the French Government in granting to Daguerre a pension of 6000 francs for his discovery. Daguerre was celebrated as a dioramic painter, and by ingenious contrivances he had succeeded in producing many very extraordinary effects in his pictures. His system of opaque and transparent painting was published by the French Government along with the processes of the Daguerreotype. It is difficult now to determine how far we are indebted to Niepce, who was associated with Beard in his investigations, for this photographic process, but, from the evidences which we have of the scientific character of the mind of Niepce, and the results that he obtained—many of which are still preserved in this country—it is highly probable that he materially aided in contributing to their success. Daguerre merits much commendation for the beautiful process which his country purchased of him. He is to be blamed for allowing a patent to be secured in England; but the spirit which hesitated fairly to acknowledge the aid received from his partner and friend, was incapable of feeling how he wronged his own liberal country, who purchased his process 'for the glory of endowing the world,' when he became, for a few pounds, a trafficker of patent rights in another country. When Daguerre published his process, it required twenty minutes to take a view. Others have improved it for him—he has himself added nothing. Now a portrait can be taken in five seconds.

#### D. M. MOIR.

THE physician and poet, Dr. Moir, of Musselburgh, better known as the Delta of *Blackwood's Magazine*, died at Dumfries on Sunday morning, July 6th. He set out on the previous Tuesday, with his wife and son, for a short tour, and on Thursday, while walking with his friend, Mr. Aird, was attacked with peritonitis, which brought his life to a rapid close, in the fifty-third year of his age. He was buried at Inveresk, on Thursday the 10th. His funeral was public; and around the grave were to be seen the most distinguished in Scotland in literature, art, and science, including the now venerable Christopher North, "under whose banner he had fought so long." He has left eight children, the eldest of whom is married to his partner, Dr. Scott. He is said by a writer in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, to have been distinguished

"by a gentle winning manner, that made him beloved by all who knew him." As a poet he is not to be ranked very high. He struck but a single string, and the notes he extracted from it were not particularly thrilling. He viewed everything through the medium of a tender melancholy, and expressed his sombre sentiments in graceful verse. But the thoughts do not breathe, nor the words burn; there is a want of force and originality, of that intensity of language and emotion, which exercise a contagious influence on the reader. His poems appear to the greatest advantage in the monthly instalments in which they were originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, for owing to the languid monotony of the strain they are rather insipid in the mass. His elegant poem of 'The Lament of Selim' appeared so lately as the present month. Having been all his life a poet, he became at the close of it a critic on poetry, and published in the present year a little volume, entitled 'Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century,' the substance of which had previously been delivered in lectures at Edinburgh. The 'Sketches' show his extensive acquaintance with the works of his brethren, have some eloquent passages and pleasing criticism, and are a useful guide to the newly cultivated parts of Parnassus. Their faults are, that he indulges in common-place flowers of speech,—flowers that have been exhibited so often and so long that they have lost both scent and bloom; that the criticism is usually too panegyrical, and that it is too much confined to vague generalities, which fail to convey the distinctive characteristics of each individual poet. These minor stars disappear from the heavens without any sensible diminution of its brightness; but they shed a strong light within a limited circle, and the society of Musselburgh will feel the loss of a man so amiable, so able, and so accomplished as Dr. Moir. As a man he was universally esteemed. To know him was to love him. His manners were simple and unostentatious, his disposition sweet and refined, and his character pure, simple, and determined. In person he was above the middle stature, his eyes were light blue, and his features pleasant and often lighted with a smile of "serious sweetness." About five years ago he was upset from a carriage, since which time his health has been more or less affected; and his premature death is believed to have been greatly accelerated by the effects of this accident.

#### MISS HELEN FAUCIT'S PERFORMANCES.

DURING the past week Miss Helen Faucit has appeared at the Olympic Theatre in the *Lady of Lyons* and *Romeo and Juliet*. This lady's *Pauline*, while it has lost none of its freshness, has acquired a finish which leaves nothing to be desired. To criticise it, would only be to depict in feeble colours what is already familiar to the English public as the most fascinating delineation in the modern drama. But it is in such a part as *Juliet* that the full measure of Miss Faucit's powers is seen—a creation, for which the poet has done so much, but for which he has at the same time left so much for the genius of the actress to complete. The London stage has for many years witnessed no such representation as Miss Faucit's *Juliet*, and the enthusiasm of a densely-crowded audience showed that the love and appreciation of the Shaksperian drama worthily embodied are still strong. How much both must be deepened by an impersonation so full of truth, of power, and of grace, all must feel, who, like ourselves, left the theatre with their minds filled with the living image of the girl of Verona, more glowing, more exalted than imagination had previously portrayed it. Of all commentators, the best is an actress like Miss Faucit to clear away doubts—to reconcile apparent difficulties—to raise the spectator into the higher atmosphere in which the creatures of imagination move—and to show, by the force of her own genius, that Nature and Shakspeare are one. See and study her *Juliet*, and you know more of the woman and of the poet's purpose in the play, than Schlegel, Tieck, or Coleridge can teach. We have no space to go into the

elaborate exposition which this performance demands. It was, as are all Miss Faucit's personations, nature itself, refined by the highest ideal grace, and kept the heart and fancy enchain'd, from the first scene of girlish indifference to the last, with its funereal close upon that brightest, saddest history of love, rapture, despair, and death. It combined so much fervour with so much purity, so much power with so little ostentation—it spoke so from the heart to the heart, while all was moulded by an inner spirit of sweetness and harmony, that the actress was forgotten in sympathy with the fortunes of the *Juliet*. To-night, Miss Faucit appears in *Rosalind*, in *As You Like It*, when all who would see the presiding genius of that noble forest pastoral embodied as none else can, will make a point of being present. We rave about Rachel and Viardot, and are too apt to forget that our own stage possesses a lady who is second to neither.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 16.

THERE has been some controversy of late amongst several of your contemporaries as to whether literary men in England, as a class, do or do not enjoy the public encouragement and social position to which they are entitled. It does not fall within my province to discuss the matter. But I may be permitted to remind the controversialists of the state of things, in that respect, in France; and I think they will find it not unimportant in deciding their debate.

In France the literary vocation is held in the very highest honour: government, legislature, aristocracy, middle class, common people, vie with each other in respecting it. It is considered as glorious as arms, as useful as medicine, or law, or commerce. Ask a Frenchman on what the past glory of his country depends, and he will tell you, partly on its brilliant victories, partly on its magnificent literature. Ask why he thinks that France at present is the greatest nation on earth, though her sword be sheathed, though her commerce be insignificant, though her territory be narrower, and her population smaller than those of other peoples: the answer will be—because she is the literary land *par excellence*—because it is from the works of her authors that foreign writers seek, directly or indirectly, their inspiration—because, in a word, it is her proud privilege to teach the nations what to think. And though, as foreigners, we may feel that this is, in a great measure, but the illusion of national vanity, we cannot deny that the French act up to it most nobly. For there are academies and institutions by the score in which eminent literary men find honours, and distinctions, and pecuniary advantage. There are innumerable places specially created in libraries, in museums, in government administrations, for providing for that class. Immense sums are annually distributed amongst such of them as may be in need of assistance, or in subscriptions to their works, or in keeping up theatres at which their dramas may be performed. Several thousands a year are paid in pensions to others, or, on their decease, to their families; crosses of orders of knighthood are lavishly conferred on them. When titles existed, titles were readily granted; the path to the senate is smoothed before them; and they may reasonably aspire to the highest offices in the state.

Next to military distinction, the French rank literary renown—nay, they place them on the same level. A great book, in truth, stands as high in their estimation as a great battle. A successful general is not more esteemed than a successful author; and the truly distinguished writer ranks immeasurably higher than the most learned judge, or the most able ruler, or the most skilful administrator, aye, or even the most brilliant parliamentary orator, or the most audacious political leader. Nor can it be said that this is the natural consequence of the democratic *régime* established amongst a highly cultivated people. For, if we go back to the times of Louis XIV., we shall find that *grand monarque*, who was the very personification of royal pomp and pride, admitting to his

intimacy Boileau and Molière, and patronising Racine. In Louis XV.'s time we shall find Voltaire and Rousseau almost worshipped by the aristocracy. Napoleon himself, the creature of war though he was, deplored the rarity of literary talent in his day, and to show his sympathy for it, pensioned the translator of 'Ossian,' and scribes of even lesser note, and said that if Corneille had been his contemporary, he would have made him a duke. The elder Bourbons restored to the throne nobly encouraged literature; and poor Louis Philippe's delight was to render substantial services to authors, and to attract them to his court.

Whilst in our own country literary eminence is considered a positive disqualification for public employment, the French, with our own great Bacon, say, "As for matter of policy and government, that learning should rather hurt than enable thereunto, is a thing very improbable." And they act as they say. All the world knows that a perfect legion of noted writers have become cabinet ministers, and ambassadors, and legislators, for no other reason than that they were noted writers. What made Chateaubriand (to speak only of our own time) an ambassador and a minister? His writings. Why were Guizot and Thiers enabled to become prime ministers? Because they wrote. What made Villemain, and Cousin, and Victor Hugo peers of France? Their published works. Why was Lamartine sent to the Chamber of Deputies under Louis Philippe? Because he was a poet. Why was Beranger elected to the National Assembly by an immense majority of the Paris constituency? Why are Cormenin, Hugo, Lamennais, Eugene Sue, now representatives of the people? Because they are authors. In England, on the contrary, their appearance as candidates would have excited a shout of derision, and perhaps have secured them a pelting with unsavoury eggs.

The social consideration which French authors enjoy exceeds on the whole that of any other class. Enter a Parisian *salon*, crowded with fashionable company, and you will find that the announcement of the name of the popular author will excite more general attention than any other. Inquire into what 'set' people are most anxious to get,—and you will be told that it is that in which literary men are accustomed to move. Notice, in every society, to whom most attention is paid,—it will not, believe me, be the Duke of This or the Marquis of That; but Monsieur X, 'l'illustre écrivain,' or Monsieur Z, 'notre grand poète.' Here, in France, it is not the noble of illustrious lineage, or the lord of many acres, or the owner of great wealth, who honours the author by bidding him to his table, it is the author who confers the honour by accepting the invitation. In short, such is the high esteem in which literature is held, that there are thousands of men, in the upper and middle classes of society, who take, without due authority, the designation of 'hommes de lettres.' It is not long since that we saw the Duke de Noailles turn author, and seek admission to the great literary fraternity of the Académie Française; and one of the most laborious editors of one of the daily newspapers is the Duke de Rovigo.

If we descend to what it is the fashion to call the lower orders, we shall find that they have the same profound respect for literature and literary men as the aristocracy and middle class. Taken in the mass, they are well acquainted with all popular works:—and certainly there are none amongst them who are not more or less familiar with the writings of the principal authors of the day. You might discover thousands of London workmen who do not know that Mr. Macaulay has written a 'History of England,' or that Alfred Tennyson is a great poet; but I defy you to bring forward a single Parisian artisan who is ignorant that M. Thiers wrote a 'History of the Revolution,' or that M. de Lamartine has produced much fine poetry. The names of Landseer or Faraday may be unknown to tens of thousands of our journeymen;—there is not a Frenchman who does not know that Arago is an illustrious *savant*, and Horace Vernet a renowned artist. And authors, and *savans*, and artists, are more sincerely esteemed by the mass than states-

men or nobles. In a public ceremony it is they who are sought for and pointed out,—whilst the real lion of the day is neglected. I once saw, in a country town, a crowd rush to see the jovial Jules Janin, whilst they turned away with indifference from dukes, and ministers, and illustrious foreigners, in grand uniforms. I have seen a troop of *gamins* stand bareheaded in the street whilst Alexander Dumas has walked past; and have known a crowd of a hundred workmen wait for an hour at the door of a theatre to see Victor Hugo enter. But perhaps the most striking instance of enthusiasm for literary renown occurred a few months ago. One Sunday evening Béranger chanced to stroll into a public dancing garden outside one of the barriers. He seated himself in a quiet corner, and called for a bottle of beer. Presently some one recognised him, and like wild-fire the intelligence ran amongst the gay crowd of workmen, students, and *grisettes*—“Béranger is here!” Instantly the dances ceased, and all gathered round the poet—the men with their hats off, the women with flowers which they plucked; and then, on a given signal, the men cried, “Vive Béranger!” and the women threw the flowers at his feet. Not content with this, they hoisted him, in spite of his modest resistance, in a chair on their shoulders, and carried him in triumph round and round the garden, shouting—“Long live Béranger! Long live our great poet!”

Such is the way in which literature and its professors are honoured in France. I leave it to your readers to judge of the value of Mr. Thackeray's observation, that “everything is for the best in the best of literary worlds possible, and that world is in England.”

#### VARIETIES.

*Her Majesty's Theatre*.—The return of Alboni after an absence of one season was an event of great interest on Saturday; she selected the *Cenerentola*, the same opera in which she first made her *début* at this theatre in 1849. The success of Mdlle. Alboni in soprano parts bids fair to sweep away the dogma that a voice cannot be changed from one kind to another, so as to become available effectively for either soprano or contralto. That in her case the power of the lower register has been diminished cannot be denied; still the lower tones are available in addition to the higher, which have been acquired by clever practice, at the same time these have a slightly forced character. The precise effect of the experiment can hardly be made clear unless we could now hear Mdlle. Alboni sing *Arsace* and *Zerlina* in the same evening. For our own part, we treasure two events connected with Alboni marked by delight and astonishment—her very first *début* in *Arsace*, when not a breath of fame's trumpet had been blown, and the most *ennuyée* was startled with a new sensation at the sound of ‘In si barbara sciagura;’ and her singing of *Amina*, with all the *fioriture* of *Persiani*, at the Birmingham theatre, in 1849. One more we look forward to, and that is her *Fides* in the *Prophète*, about which we have heard no slight praise, even that Meyerbeer himself has expressed his good pleasure with it at Paris; and this would be a test of the highest lyrical qualities, for Rossini in none of his operas writes music of the most dramatic character, expressive of deep emotions, like Meyerbeer's. However, a more tasteful and masterly singer of the florid style of Rossini, with a more delicate sense of the beauty of the true *cantabile*, than Alboni we cannot hope to hear. The ‘Non più mesta,’ on Saturday, she touched with infinite grace and elegance, with a feeling of such perfect ease and buoyant freshness that created the greatest delight. But ‘one swallow doesn't make a summer,’ any more than one such nightingale an opera, and such a halting lame performance of Rossini's tripping gaieties we never heard. The part of *Dandini* is as much beyond the powers of Signor Ferranti as those of the *Sisters* are beyond Mdlles. Feller and Grimaldi, who were equally spiritless and tuneless; indeed, they appear to have no conception what-

ever of the characters. The *Count* of Calzolari is correct in singing—pleasing, but hard.

*Royal Italian Opera*.—The second performance of *Il Flauto Magico* was announced for Saturday last, but a sudden attack of sore throat befel Mdlle. Zerr, the soprano, who sang the important part of *The Queen of Night*, and the *Prophète* was obliged to be substituted for the *Zauberflöte*. Mdlle. Zerr was expected to be able to sing on Tuesday, but again the audience were disappointed; at the same time any chagrin that might have been felt was most happily removed by Miss Louisa Pyne undertaking the part of *Astrifiamante*. What at one time looked an awkward *contretemps*, became a most interesting event, as being the first attempt of our young countrywoman in Italian opera in this country. But little indulgence was needed towards her performance, for she soon showed herself quite equal to the task, both in possessing the peculiarities of voice (we cannot say to the same exactness as Mdlle. Zerr), and in understanding the music of the part. The first scena, beginning ‘Oh non temer,’ she sang firmly, and with more power than we expected, and accomplished the high passages in the quick movement to the great delight of the audience; but in the more arduous scene, where the ‘Gli angui inferno’ occurs, she had gained confidence, and sang that difficult *cabaletta*, which goes up to F in alt. in perfect tune, and in a style that few vocalists could command. Miss Pyne's success in this part places her in the rank of *prima donna*, and gives us good reason to be proud of so excellent a vocalist; not, however, that we forget how often she has, with a comparative success, taken the first part in English versions of some of the Italian operas. The *Zauberflöte*, like all really good things, improves upon acquaintance; orchestral beauties meet the ear in every place; the overture is a wonder in construction, and not much less in execution as now played under Costa. What a grasp and confidence of mastery are displayed in those grand and full bursts of the horns, and trombones, and trumpets, with long pauses between—in those florid passages for the stringed instruments, sporting with counterpoint and syncopation, till the fancy is bewildered with beautiful objects, and we could imagine ourselves in a tropical evening watching the fire-flies and humming-birds flitting about like meteoric rainbows. For the voice, we do not find it so happily designed; there is nothing great for the tenor like ‘Il mio tesoro.’ The ‘Cara immagine’ is not so vocal, even with Mario's perfect singing; neither can we consider the ‘Ah lo so,’ beautifully and gracefully as Grisi treats it, equal to the ‘Non mi dir’ or ‘Voi che sapete.’ The songs for the bass are, however, of the very noblest order; the ‘Possenti numi’ and ‘Qui sdegno’ are conceived in the grandest and most imposing spirit. Mozart seems to have had a great feeling for the bass voice; the ‘Addio,’ one of his finest songs, it will be recollecting was written for that voice. The concerted pieces, such as the ‘Pietoso il ciel’ and ‘D'un saggio ardir,’ which are finely rendered by Grisi, Mario, and Formes, are prominent beauties; those for the genii would be so if they were perfectly sung, a desideratum yet to be obtained. Although every here and there old associations are called up by the air for the flute, ‘The Manly Heart’ duet, the ‘Away with Melancholy,’ and in spite of the fun of Ronconi's *Papageno* and the monkeys, his bells and his birdcall, it is impossible to help feeling the want of interest in the story, which is no story, and that the opera, with all its fine music, would be so much more enjoyable if it had some kind of earthly sentiment in it.

*St. James's Theatre*.—Mrs. Kemble still continues her admirable readings, and we are surprised they do not attract larger audiences. The wonderful command she has of her voice creates surprise and interest. Her clear tones and just emphasis are often good substitutes for a commentary in difficult passages: no touch of humour, no burst of emotion is lost for want of corresponding delineation in voice or gesture. The difficulty of good acting is proved by the scarcity of good actors; but Mrs. Kemble's task is far more difficult than that of the

mere actor. For complete success there must be collected, in one person, all that power and skill which, in a stage-representation, are divided among many. But, if we may not say that Mrs. Kemble has attained to complete success, it is almost a miracle how nearly she approaches to it. *Othello*, which she read on Friday week, afforded a good opportunity for the display of her powers. *Iago's* perfidy and smoothness, *Cassio's* drunkenness, *Othello's* jealousy and rage, *Desdemona's* meekness and innocence, were each, in their turn, ably depicted. To each character she gives a peculiar tone, which she preserves throughout. That under-current of feeling, which is always so difficult to represent, and which makes *Iago's* part so difficult to play, Mrs. Kemble was very happy in exhibiting. Altogether, we have seldom or never derived so much gratification from anything which depends wholly for success on the amount of talent displayed, and not at all on the excitement produced.

*Adelphi Theatre*.—Miss Woolgar took her customary benefit here on Wednesday, and, we were glad to find, with an overflowing house. She played in three pieces, *Road to Ruin*, *The School for Tigers*, and *Good Night, Signor Pantalon*. The success of Miss Woolgar's career in London we have watched with interest, for we happened to have seen her performing when very young in a strolling company at the Worcester Theatre, on the very stage where Mrs. Siddons pursued a similar life of study and endurance; we noticed then genuine qualities, which have been ripened by experience into talents of the first order. Whatever Miss Woolgar now does, whether in a musical burlesque, a melodrama, or comedy, it is sure to be taken in that spirit of making herself identical with the character, of being completely absorbed in working it out in herself, which is the secret of good acting and the test of the true *artiste*.

*Strand Theatre*.—On the opening of this house by Mr. Copeland, the well-known Liverpool manager, we noticed the hasty and inefficient manner in which one or two flimsy pieces were produced, and inclined to doubt the success of his speculation. Since that period a gradual improvement has taken place, and now the house is crowded to the ceiling by a good-humoured audience tempted with the certainty of enjoying a good evening's entertainment. A burlesque lately produced of the well-known story of *Lady Godiva* and *Peeping Tom of Coventry*, is very smartly written and capably acted. Miss Marshall performs the lady with her accustomed spirit, and John Reeve is very droll in the character of a reporter of the press—“our own correspondent.” We are glad to see a marked improvement in this actor. He is losing his timidity and gaining experience. His parody of ‘Hot Codlings’ is in the richest vein of comedy, and full of promise. A trifle called ‘A Cheap Excursion,’ is being performed nightly to roars of laughter, at the grotesque situations and humour of Mr. Tilbury and Miss Marshall, with Mr. John Reeve and Mrs. Horsman.

*Prussian Theatres*.—New regulations of a very strict character have just been established for the Prussian theatres. Amongst other things, they restore the censorship; peremptorily forbid actors to improvise anything, or make the slightest alteration in the text; require directors to give, before performance, a minute description of every dance, also of the costumes, banners, decorations, or mottoes to be employed in processions, *corades*, and other scenes.

*Dr. Wylde's Concert*.—A performance of this young composer's music was given at Willis's rooms on Monday, and apart from the real merit of the music, possessed an interest from the fact of his being one of the music jurors concerned in the awards at the Great Exhibition. A full orchestra was provided, and M. A. Billet did equal justice to a very skilful concerto for the pianoforte, the work of Dr. Wylde, himself an excellent professor of the instrument. Some sacred choruses and songs were also sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Dolby, and Herr Stigelli, and argued favourably for the future fame of our new graduate in music.

*Mr. Hullah's Singing Schools.*—A selection of choral music was performed by the members of the upper class, at the St. Martin's Hall, on Wednesday. The music was chiefly of the dry and routine style of Bishop, Lotti, Horsley, Croft, Danby, Wilbye, Gibbons, with some more varied and less trammelled from Mendelssohn; a beautiful part song, 'O hills and vales,' by him, was one of the best of the performance. Some new compositions by Mr. Hullah were given, to show that the popular teacher of part singing understands the principles as well as the practice of the art.

*The Great Exhibition.*—The demand now so warmly felt for some further illustrations of the Crystal Palace than the four so happily supplied by Mr. Joseph Nash, has induced Mr. David Roberts, Mr. Louis Haghe, and Mr. Joseph Nash, to undertake the completion, forthwith, of fifty highly-finished drawings of the more striking portions of the Great Exhibition. All these gentlemen are busy, pencil and brush in hand, and, as soon as their labours are perfected, their drawings will be shown for a short time, and then transferred to stone, as companions to Mr. Nash's four, now on the eve of publication. Prince Albert has expressed his entire approbation of the scheme, and every endeavour will be made, it is understood, to fix the price of the publication at so low a "figure," that the sale will not, as in former publications of this nature, be necessarily confined to the wealthy "few."

*The Arctic Council.*—An historical picture is now on view at Messrs. Graves' gallery, called *The Arctic Council discussing the Plan of Search for Sir John Franklin*. The picture has been painted by Mr. Stephen Pearce, we believe for Mr. Barrow, and contains the portraits of most of our eminent arctic officers, who, it will be remembered, were summoned to the Admiralty, to advise on the best mode of proceeding to the rescue of the ill-fated expedition. At the council table, Sir Francis Beaufort and Captain Beechey are seated, Sir George Back, Sir W. E. Parry, Captain Bird, Sir James C. Ross, Mr. Barrow, Colonel Sabine, and Captain Baillie Hamilton, are standing around, while Sir John Richards, leaning over the table, is energetically indicating some point on one of the maps with which the table is covered. The portrait of the late Sir John Barrow is suspended from the wall of the council chamber, between those of Sir John Franklin and Captain Fitzjames. The most remarkable likenesses in the picture are those of Sir Francis Beaufort, Sir George Back, Sir James Ross, and Mr. Barrow. We observe that it is intended the picture should be engraved, although it is not announced by whom.

*The Tourist's Gallery.*—The occupation of Her Majesty's Concert Room with musical performances, has obliged Mr. Marshall to remove his interesting Diorama of a Tour through Europe to the Linwood Gallery in Leicester Square. The scenes, which are painted with great delicacy and fidelity, comprise the principal cities of the Continent, with views of the Danube and Rhine, and of the Alps.

*The Knowsley Collections.*—The late Earl of Derby has left his extensive museum of stuffed animals to the town of Liverpool. His valuable living collections are left to Her Majesty, or, failing her acceptance, to the Zoological Society of London, of which his Lordship was President.

*J. E. Bicheno, Esq.*—Letters from Van Dieman's Land announce the death, at Hobart Town, of the Colonial Secretary, J. E. Bicheno, Esq. He was well known to botanists in this country for his 'Monograph of the British Species of *Juncus*'; and for many years filled the office of Treasurer of the Linnean Society.

*New Comet.*—M. Von Arrest, of Leipsic, discovered a new telescopic comet in that city on the 27th ult., and observed it again on the 29th ult. It is not a large one.

*Fireproof Houses.*—At the late extensive fire in San Francisco, many houses built with iron, and said to be proof against fire, were rapidly destroyed; in one instance the solid iron shutters became red hot in ten minutes, and the contents of the room were completely burnt up in an incredibly short time.

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